

In this issue of The Outlook

Vol. 146

May 25, 1927

No. 4

Cover: Wallowa Lake in Eastern Oregon, a scenic delight easily visited by those who travel the old Oregon trail. Courtesy Portland Chamber of Commerce

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What State in the Union Has Created the Largest Park?

That's a bit of information which might well be included in any popular questionnaire of the day. Senator Peter Norbeck gives the answer in next week's issue of The Outlook. If you want a hint as to that answer now, remember that the Senator hails from South Dakota, the State where seven-thousand-foot mountains are called hills.

Published weekly by The Outlook Company, 120 East 16th Street, New York. Copyright, 1927, by The Outlook Company. By subscription \$5.00 a year for the United States and Canada. Single copies 15 cents each. Foreign subscription to countries in the postal Union, \$6.56.

HAROLD T. PULSIFER, *President and Managing Editor*
NATHAN T. PULSIFER, *Vice-President*

ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT, *Editor-in-Chief and Secretary*
LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT, *Contributing Editor*

The Outlook is indexed in the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.

THE OUTLOOK, May 25, 1927. Volume 146, Number 4. Published weekly by The Outlook Company at 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y. Subscription price \$5.00 a year. Entered as second-class matter, July 21, 1893, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., and December 1, 1926, at the Post Office at Dunellen, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

The Outlook

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The Floods Continue

AN entire month has passed as we write since the floods of the Mississippi Valley began their destructive activity. Yet the time has not arrived when it can be reported that the worst is over. The opening of crevasses along the Louisiana levees has inundated the richly productive "Sugar Bowl" country between the Atchafalaya and the Mississippi rivers. The French Acadians of whom Longfellow and later George Cable wrote have in vain held to their little homes only to be forced at last to take to boats and even to perch in trees. There has been loss of life in this district.

The Agricultural Department has put out a circular of advice for farmers and tenants driven from their holdings by the floods. It holds out hopes that some of the flooded farms may grow crops this year and urges the farm people to return to their homes at the earliest safe time and raise crops at least for food and livestock. It offers help through country agents and State agricultural colleges. One caution is stressed. The circular says:

Probably 65 per cent or more of the several million acres of flooded improved farm lands, except in the sugar cane area of Southern Louisiana, have heretofore been planted in cotton. It is neither possible nor desirable to replant this entire area in cotton. It is important, however, that every farmer and tenant should be able to plant a reasonable acreage as a cash crop.

Need for relief, support and health measures continues and will continue for a long time. The country has contributed money promptly and generously and can be counted upon to give more as it is required.

Our Criminal Waste of Oil

EVERY gallon of petroleum drawn out of the ground is one gallon less stored for future use. With every stroke of an automobile piston we are making a draft upon our capital. We can replace trees. We cannot replace petroleum. And yet there is scarcely any other resource that we are wasting so recklessly.

Our wastefulness is due to a superstitious belief in cut-throat competition.

Williams in the New York American



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Robbing the Nation

Against this sort of competition in the petroleum business the great producers have protested. Of course, say the cynical, the big producers of petroleum naturally protest against competition; no monopolist wants to tolerate competitors. As a consequence of widespread fear of monopoly, public opinion has been slow to arouse itself to face the evil of wastefulness that may be as damaging in consequences as any monopoly can be. At last, however, fourteen of the largest oil producing companies have braved public opinion. At the instance of Mr. Walter C. Teagle, President of the Standard Oil

Company of New Jersey, executives of oil companies have conferred to see what could be done to prevent overproduction. Mr. Teagle and Mr. W. S. Farish, former President of the American Petroleum Institute, have filed with the Federal Oil Conservation Board, of which the Secretary of the Interior, Hubert Work, is Chairman, a plea for Federal assistance. The Federal Government recognizes the plight of the industry. The waste in oil production is due to the fact that whenever an oil pioneer or "wild-catter" as he is called, discovers a richly producing well there is a scramble

for the neighboring property and operators drive wells to get a share of the common reservoir of oil underneath. There is a special reckless draft upon oil resources in the Seminole area of Oklahoma. It is proposed that production from such an area be pooled and those interested get proportionate shares of the oil. Thus ten operators might own an entire block and a test well in common and each might have ten per cent of the oil from every well that is driven on the property.

It is in the interest of the whole country that something be done to stop the reckless waste of our oil reserves.

Syndicalism and the Supreme Court

AN important and far-reaching decision has just been rendered by the United States Supreme Court. It sustains the constitutionality of the California Criminal Syndicalism Act, passed in 1919, and the validity of the California court decisions upholding the law.

The case involved is that of Charlotte Anita Whitney, convicted about seven years ago of violating the Act. The definition of criminal syndicalism in the Act is "any doctrine or precept advocating, teaching or aiding and abetting the commission of a crime, sabotage or unlawful methods of terrorism as a means of accomplishing a change in industrial ownership or control, or effecting any political change."

The charge against Miss Whitney under this definition was not only that she was a member of the Communist Labor Party at the time when it was (as the courts held) violating the Criminal Syndicalism Act by incitation to terrorism, but that she remained a member after the association's criminal and subversive conduct and that this conduct also led to wrongful actions by the I. W. W., of which Miss Whitney was not herself a member. Her defense was that she had not advocated the overthrow of the present form of government by force, but had participated in a meeting of radicals for the purpose of exercising her influence to restrain them from resorting to unlawful means. She was found guilty and sentenced to a maximum term of fourteen years in the State penitentiary.

The Supreme Court now holds that there is nothing in this California law repugnant either to the "due process of law" or the "equal protection" clauses of the Fourteenth Amendment. It says:

The Syndicalism Act is not class legislation; it affects all alike, no matter what their business association or callings, who come within its terms and

do things prohibited, and there is no substantial basis for the contention that the Legislature has arbitrarily or unreasonably limited its application to those advocating the use of violent and unlawful methods to affect changes in industrial and political conditions.

As to the equal protection clause of the Amendment the court says:

Neither is the Syndicalism Act repugnant to the equal protection clause, on the ground that as its penalties are confined to those who advocate a resort to violence and unlawful methods as a means of changing industrial and political conditions, it arbitrarily discriminates between such persons and those who may advocate a resort to these methods as a means of maintaining such conditions.

A statute does not violate the equal protection clause merely because it is not all embracing.

The fact that Mr. Justice Brandeis and Mr. Justice Holmes concurred in the opinion, which was read by Mr. Justice Sanford, is taken as strong evidence that it does not jeopardize or disregard American principles of liberty and free speech.

The California correspondent of The Outlook telegraphs us that since the appeal to the United States Supreme Court has failed Miss Whitney must serve a prison term unless the Governor of California intervenes, and that this is considered unlikely in view of renewed Soviet agitation. Charlotte Anita Whitney is a well-known Californian woman. At one time possessed of considerable wealth, she has disposed of the bulk of her fortune in various charitable enterprises, has admittedly done excellent work in the suppression of vice, was an ardent worker in the cause of prohibition and, as president of the College Equal Suffrage League, did much to further the cause of women's suffrage in California.

The Supreme Court at the same time reversed the decision of a Kansas court which sustained the conviction of Harold B. Fiske, an I. W. W. member, for violating the Kansas Syndicalism Act. There is no discrepancy in these two decisions, because the Supreme Court found that in the Kansas case no violence or unlawful acts resulted from Fiske's membership and that he did not urge or suggest such action.

The Sacco-Vanzetti Case

IT is evident that Governor Fuller of Massachusetts is not to be disturbed or hurried by the numerous appeals and suggestions that have poured in upon him as regards his action in the case of Sacco and Vanzetti. Some of these

seem to be mistaken as to the Governor's functions. He has the right to inform himself in any way he chooses about all facts bearing on the question of guilt or innocence or as to mitigating circumstances. If he chooses to ask others to study the evidence and advise him of their conclusions, he may do so; but, if those who ask him to form a "court of inquiry" mean more than that, they ignore the fact that the Governor, and he only, has the right and duty of decision; the courts of the State have had their say; the Governor may pardon or commute sentence but he cannot order a new trial. Up to the middle of this month Governor Fuller had given no intimation of the time when action or public statement from him might be expected; it is reported that he has been working steadily and for many hours daily on the evidence, and has held conference with the counsel of the condemned.

Among the scores of petitions and appeals which have reached Governor Fuller is one declaring the belief of the signers that the accused have not had the full measure of protection due them under the theory of the American system of jurisprudence, signed by John Graham Brooks, Bishop Chauncey C. Brewster of Connecticut, Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, Bishop Francis J. McConnell of Pittsburgh, Dr. John Dewey, Professor Franklin H. Giddings, Paul U. Kellogg, and many other educators and clergymen. In another appeal about sixty professors of law in several universities join in urging a commission of inquiry.

Horseflesh Is Grass

THE fifty-third renewal of the Kentucky Derby has been run. It was, as all recent Derbies have been, a social event. But it was also, as many Derbies have been, a horse race.

Whitney's Whiskery in the last few strides nosed out Osmand.

The Kentucky Derby is, perhaps without question, America's most famous racing event. Outside of Kentucky, it is regarded as a contest between the East and the West. (In running horse parlance, the west begins only a little way back from tidewater.) In Kentucky, the Derby is regarded as a contest between Kentucky and the rest of the world—with the odds on Kentucky. For this conception, there is considerable basis.

According to the official figures of the Jockey Club of New York, 3,225 Thoroughbred foals were registered of the season from which participants in this renewal of the Derby came. Of

Good morrow, carriers

(1 Henry IV, Act II, Scene 1)

Elliot in the Dallas News



The book agent

From M. M. Korafeld, Dallas, Texas

Darling in the Des Moines Register



In the political strawberry patch

From Fred A. Dudley, Ames, Iowa

Morris in the Paterson (N. J.) Press Guardian



Auntie Democracy: "But, Al, you have such disgraceful companions."

From L. P. Mason, Little Falls, N. J.

Orr in the Chicago Tribune



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"O, boy! Take the gentleman's luggage!"

From O. B. Nelson, Kendallville, Ind.



Mrs. Hunt as she was when Henry Ward Beecher dramatically sold her into freedom sixty-seven years ago from the platform of the pulpit of Plymouth church

these, 1,426 or forty-four per cent were registered from Kentucky. Virginia registered 402, California 207, New York 133. No other State registered in that year as many as a hundred foals.

Wayne Dinsmore, Secretary of the Horse Association of America, undertakes to explain the pre-eminence of Kentucky on the basis of its soil and climate. "The soil about Lexington," he says, "is unlike that of any other district known to exist in the United States." But he adds that the Middle Basin of Tennessee "is the only other known district in which the soil even approaches" that of the Lexington area. The similarity, and the essentials, he holds to be phosphorous and calcium.

Breeders of the Tennessee Basin, however, assert superiority for their section. It was a Thoroughbred breeding-ground before the Lexington area was and gave to Kentucky much of its foundation stock. Later, the Basin turned largely from Thoroughbreds to harness horses. It produced the first horse that ever went a mile in harness in less than two minutes. One of its counties, Maury, has the distinction of being to-

day the only county in the United States that has produced two two-minute horses.

Still, despite a State anti-racing law that has endured for twenty years, the Tennessee Middle Basin continues to produce Thoroughbreds and to win, now and then, the Kentucky Derby. Whenever it does, it feels that it is taking the prize back home to the stamping-ground of the ancestors of Kentucky's most famous horses.

Thus, there is a third rivalry which means little to the rest of the world but is, if possible, more intense than the others in the two rival regions which it affects.

That rivalry is not merely a fact; it has made good fiction. It was the inspiration of James Lane Allen's "The Mettle of the Pasture." It was equally the inspiration of John Trotwood Moore's "The Gift of the Grass."

Up From Slavery

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON's title for his book describing the progress made by the colored people, would well apply personally and literally to the

woman who stood on the platform of Plymouth Church on the eightieth anniversary of the beginning of Henry Ward Beecher's pastorate of the then newly organized church. This gentle, educated woman, a university student, a teacher, wife of a Washington lawyer, had stood on that same platform sixty-seven years ago. Now she is Mrs. James E. Hunt of Washington, a type of her race's progress "up from slavery." Then she was "Pinky," a frightened little slave girl, sold away from her mother and brothers but with her grandmother, by one slave trader in Virginia to another slave trader in Baltimore. Her grandmother earned money and bought her own freedom and, it is stated, conceived the idea of getting Henry Ward Beecher to raise money for the purchase of the child—Sally Maria Driggs was the girl's real name. The price was set at \$900.

Thus came about that famous scene when Pinky was "sold" in Plymouth Church. Mr. Beecher was alive to the dramatic character of the occasion. He dedicated himself to the abolition of slavery. He told the story and drew the contrast between freedom and slavery with a fervor which even he had rarely equalled. Emotion became almost hysteria. Money, jewels, promises of support, poured in. Not only the congregation but the country was aroused. The episode was National in its appeal and influence.

Dr. J. Stanley Durkee, the recently installed pastor of Plymouth Church, knew of Mrs. Hunt's identity with "Pinky" and persuaded her to tell this memorial assembly her experience and her feelings as to her race. He could hardly have found a more impressive reminder of Plymouth's early ardor for righteousness. Mrs. Hunt well expressed what was always Booker T. Washington's view of the race's future when she said: "I am optimistic, for I perceive in each new generation an increasing thirst for knowledge which they are gaining by means of hard work and self-development. They are learning gradually and consistently self-reliance, so necessary to perfect development."

International Commuters

FOREIGN-BORN Canadians who have been coming daily across the border to work in such cities as Detroit and Buffalo have been placed in a serious predicament by a recent ruling of Secretary of Labor Davis. After June 1 it will be necessary for them, even though naturalized Canadian citizens, to have their Canadian passports visaed by the United States consuls of their native countries in order to continue to cross

the line between their homes and their work.

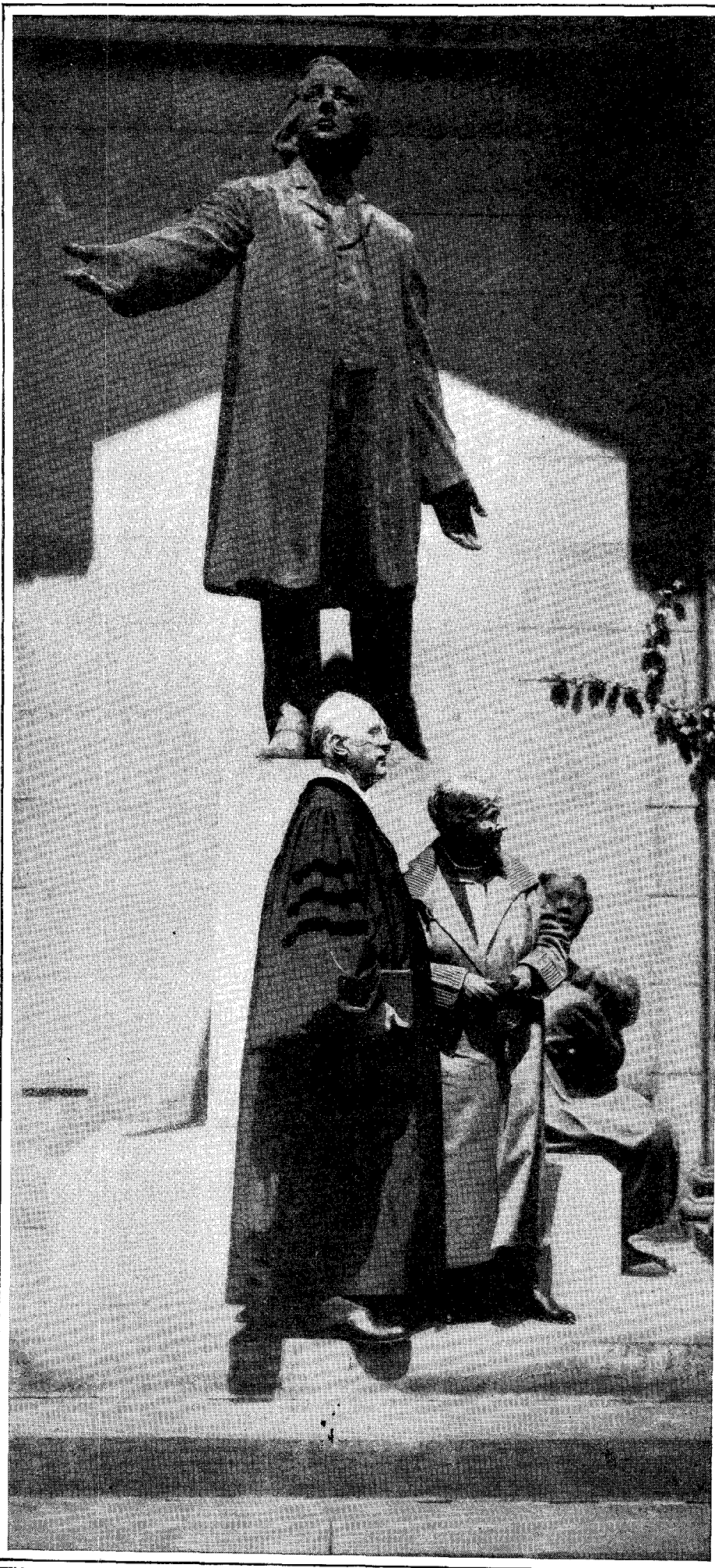
This stringent ruling is the result of agitation by the American Federation of Labor, which has viewed with alarm foreign-born laborers filling jobs in Detroit during a period of unemployment. Its effect will be to bar completely this class of international commuters, for the necessary visas may be secured only when the quotas allotted to the laborers' native countries have not been filled, and, quite naturally, every preference will be given *bona fide* immigrants by our consuls abroad.

Native Canadians, who, of course, are not subject to our quota regulations, may enter the United States at will, but even in their case the amenities of commuting have not been greatly increased, as they will now have to have their passports duly visaed and pay the United States head tax. This tightening of our regulations has considerably exercised Canadians along the border, and an appeal has been made to Premier W. L. Mackenzie King by representatives of the foreign-born laborers to exercise his good offices through the Canadian Minister at Washington toward some amelioration of the ruling. It would be unfortunate if some less stringent regulation were not possible; for as Canadian citizens, although foreign-born, these commuters have certain rights of which we should not deprive them. We can have no interest in discrimination against our northern neighbors.

A Non-Existent Republic

THE turning point of the decision of the New York State Supreme Court as to the ownership of \$2,500,000 on deposit in a New York bank—money subscribed in this country to aid the cause of revolution in Ireland—was the declaration that the so-called Irish Republic never existed in law or in fact, and, therefore, that De Valera and his associates had no right to sell bonds in the name of the Irish Republic or to hold the money raised by the sale of the bonds. The money was ordered to be distributed to the buyers of the bonds.

Oddly enough the suit was brought by the Irish Free State as successor to the so-called Irish Republic. The decision refused to recognize any such right of succession. This is a logical deduction on the legal principle that those who are not owners cannot pass ownership to others. After the decision, the Foreign Minister of the Irish Free State remarked: "If the Free State had won the case we would have accepted full responsibility for the return of the money subscribed for the Republican bonds. As



Wide World

Mrs. James Hunt before the statue of Henry Ward Beecher, who sold her on the pulpit platform of Plymouth Church. With her appears the present pastor, J. Stanley Durkee.

it is, the bondholders are likely to get only about half what they subscribed, after the heavy legal expenses are deducted." Yet the Free State is at least assured by this decision that the money will not be spent in plots and outbreaks against the present fair Dominion form of government.

It is a pitiable fact that this sum of money was largely collected in dribbles from many thousands of hard-working men and women by glowing representations that the time had come when by force of arms Ireland could be made an altogether independent nation. Illusion and deception—reinforced by considerable religious appeal—worked on an idealized patriotism. The difficulties and cost of distributing the money are evident; the meager wages of the poor have been drawn from them for a futile and illusive foreign insurrection, often accompanied by criminal acts.

The American Policy Wins in China

THE British Government has announced that it will not send any ultimatum to the Chinese Nationalist Administration at Hankow in regard to the attacks by Chinese soldiers on foreign consulates and residents at Nanking and elsewhere. Punitive measures, which were being discussed actively a few weeks ago, it has definitely abandoned. Instead, the spokesman of the British Cabinet has declared in Parliament that Great Britain is satisfied the guilty have been sufficiently punished and that nothing is to be gained by pushing the matter further.

The decision marks a victory for American policy in the Far East. Ever since the Nanking rioting there has been talk—in which American officials and business men in China have joined—of the need of joint action by the Powers to secure more satisfaction for the assaults on American, British, Japanese, and other foreign residents in Nanking, and to make certain that such outrages will not be repeated. The Administration at Washington, however, has stood firm against proposals for a severe disciplining of the Chinese, blockades of the Yangtze River and various Chinese ports, and other like schemes. It has followed its own independent plan of action and—inevitably—brought the other Powers into line.

The obvious fact is that China is embroiled in civil war, and that until the struggle is over foreigners have to keep out of the way and wait until there is a responsible government with which to deal. Naturally, there are divisions of opinion about the right policy to pursue.

Even some of the missionaries advocate a "stronger" course of interference. Yet the widow of Dr. Williams, who was killed at Nanking, does not agree with them. And the weight of missionary opinion seems unquestionably to fall on the side of patience with China.

The British Raid on Russian Trade Headquarters

AMERICANS reading of British raids upon Russian Soviet trade headquarters in London may wonder how it happens that one government can raid the offices of another. Under ordinary circumstances this would be quite out of the question; but the circumstances in this case are quite extraordinary.

Most of the nations of Europe have recognized the Soviet Government of Russia and have diplomatic relations with it. Therefore all official representatives of the Russian Soviet Government in foreign nations claim diplomatic immunity. Such diplomatic immunity is in ordinary cases extended to consuls and accredited trade representatives of foreign governments in any country. The Soviet Government seeks special immunity for its trade delegations because in Soviet Russia trade is a monopoly of the government. So far, however, even those governments that recognize the Soviet Government have declined to accord to the Russian trade delegations or to any except the heads of Russian trade delegations the status of extra-territoriality. Consequently the offices of the Soviet trade delegation in London were subject to police jurisdiction like any other commercial concern.

The raid was conducted under authority of proper warrants and the result was the discovery of documents which the British Government regards as evidence that the Soviet delegates were carrying on political propaganda. The object of the search was to secure an important British state document which had been missed from the archives. The document itself was not found, but the British Government had reason to believe that it was in the possession of the Russian trade delegation and there are indications that it may have been burned.

Of course, this is making even more strained the already strained relations between Great Britain and Russia.

A Correction

SEVENTY-SEVEN, not seventy-three, as we mistakenly stated last week, is the age at which the Rt. Rev. William Lawrence will retire as Bishop of Massachusetts. This is a case where the fact belies the truth. The fact is that Bishop Lawrence was born on May 30, 1850. The truth is that Bishop Lawrence is

one of the youngest of distinguished Americans.

The Law of the River

NATURE is her own historian. She is not dependent upon human biographers. Her records cannot be falsified by any man-made agencies. Her story is an open book awaiting only observing eyes to interpret its significance. In the great book of nature there is no clearer chapter than the story of the Mississippi. The vast extent of its tributary streams, its long, tortuous channel to the Gulf, its great flood plains, and the far-reaching fingers of its delta—all these tell more clearly than any words of the power and might of the Father of Waters.

Sprawling its vast length over half a continent, even in its hours of repose it is a giant dwelling in a gigantic mansion. Citizens of Lilliput who by sufferance have built their tiny edifices within the walls of that mansion sense the power of the giant as seamen sense the elemental might of the ocean. To stand on the banks of the Mississippi is to comprehend why primitive man made offerings to river gods.

Those whose lives depend upon the mastery of elemental forces know that only by understanding the laws which govern those forces can they be made to serve the needs of human-kind. The laws of nature cannot be broken with impunity.

The vast flood plains of the Mississippi are something more than rich meadows or the site for pleasant towns. Presidents and governors may come and go; nations may even rise and fall; but these plains are destined for all eternity to remain under the sovereignty of the great river.

The tragedy that touches the whole Nation to-day is upon us because we have ignored the warnings graven deep in the soil of the continent. We have pushed our settlements and our cities over great stretches of land upon which the Mississippi has written where he who runs may read: "This is my home; I take what I require; enter here at your peril."

This is the law. If we are to share the mansion of the Mississippi in safety, that law must be obeyed, even if obedience means the abandonment of practices, customs, and habits more to our liking than those which the Mississippi would impose upon us. It is time for our engineers to tell us what the Mississippi demands, so that we may learn to depend less upon ignorance and hope and more upon knowledge and understanding.

Questions of Life and Death

1. Is the present flood the worst that may be expected to spring from the watershed of the Mississippi?
2. Will not the menace to life and property on the natural flood plain of the Mississippi increase directly as the population increases?
3. Are we satisfied to duplicate the tragic experience of the Chinese, and to build up in our own land an American replica of "China's Sorrow"?
4. What can be accomplished by promoting reforestation, preserving natural swamplands, and the construction of retaining reservoirs on the upper reaches of the confluent of the Mississippi?
5. What can be done by straightening the channel of the Mississippi to promote a more rapid run-off of flood waters?
6. What measures can we take which will permit the waters of the Mississippi to flow over their natural flood plains with a minimum loss of life and property?
7. Is it feasible to construct moles from the levees of the Mississippi to the edge of the flood plain, thereby creating shallow overflow basins to which the ingress and from which egress of waters could be controlled?
8. How many square miles of such basins would be needed to cut down the peak of such a flood as the present one within safe limits? Would such overflow basins offset the raising of the bed of the Mississippi (which must inevitably follow the perfection of a levee system) by building up at the same time the flood plain?
9. Is it conceivable that at some time the villages, towns, and farmhouses in the flood plains might be relocated on the summits of such lateral moles and other mounds, thereby raising them permanently above the menace of broken levees?
10. What is the quickest and surest method by which the Nation can secure an adequate plan for treating the Mississippi and its confluent as a single problem? Would you wait for Congress to act, or would you ask the President to take action at once to secure a consensus of opinion from the best engineering brains in the country? Is the Nation more likely to act intelligently and effectively when it has been aroused to the need of action by a great disaster, or when it is busy with the lesser concerns of politics and living?

When the flood waters at last subside and the need for succoring the helpless has been met, when the last of the refugees have gone back to their farms, and boats again give way to motors in the streets of the towns, the problem of the Mississippi will still remain. We do not believe that America, like China, will forever permit the lives of hundreds of thousands to hang upon the chance of a broken wall of earth.

Fiddlers

THEIR rosin fresh, their unction great, their hearts in tune with the music of the spheres, the outstanding loose-arm fiddlers below Mason and Dixon's line gathered the other day in Nashville for an all-South contest.

It is necessary, before going further, to pause for a few explanations.

The spelling of inspissated turpentine preferred by the lexicographers is "resin." But the other spelling, "rosin," is perhaps older, and failure to employ it in reference to loose-arm fiddling would be not merely bad form but desecration. (Over a large part of the fiddling country, "rosin" is pronounced much as if spelled "rosum.")

The fiddlers who participate in such contests are commonly referred to as old-time fiddlers. As a fact, they belong to no period. Genius cannot be

confined to eras—or eons. The genius of these fiddlers is as much of the present, of the future, as of the past. That will remain true even when we reach the deplorable situation of having no such fiddlers alive in the world. They will recur whenever and wherever humanity finds itself under the necessity, untaught, of extracting ecstasy and heart's ease from strings.

These fiddlers are properly designated as loose-arm fiddlers. That is their distinction and their glory. The violinist draws his bow, in long and stately sweeps, with an arm not tense but firm. The fiddler's arm knows no restraint. Up and down, sidewise, at all angles, it finds by a sort of instinct whatever note it wants.

Reference has been made to loose-arm fiddlers below Mason and Dixon's line. There may be those who will think this unnecessary, believing that all such fiddlers are below that line. It is not so. The loose-arm fiddler has flourished, and doubtless still does to an extent, in every section of this country. The same fiddle tunes are known, frequently by the same name, from the Gulf to the Lakes. Not long ago, a group of persons were listening to some fiddle pieces played on a phonograph. One, on the record entitled "Ragtime Annie," awoke old memories in the mind of a Tennessean well along in years. He recognized it, resented the new name, but could not

recall the old one. A young woman from up-State New York promptly announced, "It's 'Money Musk.'" And so it was.

If the South has more gatherings of these fiddlers and, to employ a New England phrase, sets more store by them, it is simply that the South clings more tenaciously to tradition, is less afraid of being old-fashioned.

It ought to be said here that those who have heard loose-arm fiddling only on the phonograph have not heard it at all. Such fiddlers and such fiddle tunes as have been recorded, unless quite recently, are not those most typical but those that have the jazz quality, foreign from real loose-arm fiddling, most highly developed.

Recent broadcasting of fiddlers has brought to the attention of the phonograph companies some of the best of the loose-arm fiddlers, but whether many of them are even now to be recorded is still a question. One of them, recently asked to come to New York to make some records, said to a neighbor, "I don't guess I'll go, unless they'll wait till winter. They are only offering me four hundred dollars and I can't afford to miss a crop for that money."

Now the Nashville gathering has been neglected over long, but that does not really matter. The man proclaimed champion of the South is no better fiddler than another, away up at the

head of some hollow, who could not neglect his corn planting long enough to make the trip—and who was too modest to do it, anyhow.

Britain's Strongholds on the Sea

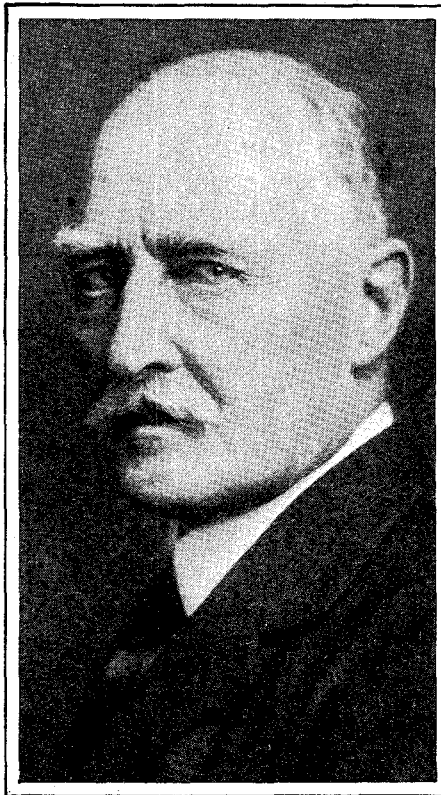
AMERICANS have one main point to keep in mind in connection with the three-power conference at Geneva in June on naval armaments. The British Ambassador in a speech in California has recently made this point clear. It is that the essential aim of Great Britain will be to safeguard the economic life of her homeland and communication with her Dominions through her command of the sea lanes of traffic. That need not be regarded as in any sense a threat to the United States, but it does need to be understood and remembered.

In the light of that understanding are to be read the reported British propositions for submission to the conference. They are, according to cable dispatches from London: Reduction in the maximum tonnage of battleships from the 35,000 tons fixed in the Washington naval treaty to 25,000 or, perhaps, 20,000 tons; lowering of the tonnage limit for cruisers from 10,000 to 7,000 or 6,000 tons, with provision for extending to cruisers the capital ship ratio of 5-5-3 now governing Great Britain, the United States and Japan; limitation of the maximum tonnage for submarines to 1,000 tons, with a cruising radius of 1,500 to 2,000 miles; and extension of the Washington treaty for ten years beyond 1932, when its term expires.

The point of each of the three main proposals, evidently, is to restrict the cruising radius of fighting craft. At first glance this seems a desirable method of promoting peace by making it difficult for the Sea Powers to carry out aggressive plans. "Navies for defense" would be the phrase by which such limited navies would doubtless be described. But they would have to be considered in relation to naval bases and coaling stations.

The advantage to Great Britain of the British scheme is at once apparent. In the Mediterranean, Great Britain has bases at Gibraltar and Malta, and controls the Suez Canal. In the Atlantic she has bases at Jamaica and Bermuda, and in Halifax. In the Far East, she has other bases in India, at Singapore on the Malay Peninsula, and at Hong-kong. And she has all the ports and resources of her Dominions—Canada, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand.

The United States is in no such position. It controls the Panama Canal and has bases at Hawaii and in the Philip-



Sir Esme Howard

the British Ambassador, speaking at San Francisco, on May 10, explained why Britain needs cruisers. He said: "Great Britain is a small island, smaller than Pennsylvania, and has a population of about one-third of this vast country. . . . It often has not more than one month to six weeks' food supply in the island. The rest has to be brought in ships, as have also most of the raw materials required for the industries that keep the population busy and able to buy food from abroad. This is no matter of mere prestige"

pinas. But by the Washington treaty it gave up the right to increase naval facilities in the Philippines or to establish a base at Guam.

With cruisers of restricted radius, the nation possessing naval bases scattered around the world would obviously be able to employ its forces freely while the nation without bases would be limited to home waters. That, perhaps, is the concession which Great Britain expects to get in return for admission of the American right—a right, by the way, which no one denies—to build cruisers up to an equality with the British navy.

Japan has suggested that vital highways of commerce, like the Straits of Gibraltar, the Suez Canal, and the Panama Canal, should be neutralized. A parallel American suggestion—in view of the proposals coming from Great Britain—might be neutralization or redistribution of naval bases.

The United States can have no objection to safeguards for the security of the British Empire. Its stability is to the interest of the United States. But we should not accept, without due consideration and commensurate concessions the British proposal for reversion to a smaller type of cruiser (which Dr. E. F. Baldwin mentions favorably in his correspondence) or in fact acquiesce in

any arrangement which would mean actual disability for the American navy.

Conventions for Washington

SENATOR CARTER GLASS'S motion as amended by Mr. Dixon Merritt is open for debate. Mr. Merritt offers his amendment on page 122 of this issue. As we understand the question, Senator Glass moves that the next Democratic National Convention, which is to be held presumably in June, 1928, be convened in Washington, D. C.; and Mr. Merritt moves to amend Senator Glass's motion so that it will read that all National conventions of every National party be hereafter invariably convened in Presidential years at Washington, D. C. Before submitting this for discussion by our readers or by any others who want to discuss it, we wish to give some of the reasons in favor of the amended motion which Mr. Merritt has not stated and some of the reasons which might be advanced against it.

In the first place, Mr. Merritt might have argued, but did not argue, that the assembling of more than a thousand delegates, an equal number of alternates, and a great many others from each party every four years in the Nation's capital would be a means of education. If it were possible, a visit to the National capital might well be made a part of the education of every American citizen. Since it is not possible, such a visit might be made part of the education of at least those Americans who choose Presidential candidates. Washington is the Nation's Valhalla. More than any other city it conveys to the visitor a sense of the Nation's dignity. If conventions in Washington will educate American political leaders in a sense of dignity they may well be worth the price.

In the second place, Mr. Merritt might have urged the value of the influence of the city of Washington upon the conventions themselves. It is hard to imagine such a convention as that of the Democrats in New York in 1924 occurring in the National capital. In the atmosphere of Washington rowdyism and disorder would be at a disadvantage.

In the third place, Washington is a convention city. It is equipped with buildings suitable for the deliberations of committees of delegates and other bodies that gather about conventions. It is equipped with hotels and means of transportation sufficient to meet the requirements of the conventions and their satellites. This practical advantage that Washington has over many cities should not be overlooked in

any argument for holding all National conventions at the seat of the Federal Government.

On the other hand, to Mr. Merritt's amendment of Senator Glass's proposal, and even to Senator Glass's proposal itself, there are serious objections.

One objection which those who know Washington best are the most likely to regard as serious is that Washington is not a representative American city. It is removed from the rest of the country not only geographically but in spirit and atmosphere. Men who live in Washington have what might be called a Federal rather than a National point of view. They understand the machinery of government but they tend to lose sight of the people of the country. This peculiar character of the city affects even newspaper men. Washington is a city of bureaus, of red tape, of gossip about those in high place, of intrigue, of political mechanisms. It has all the defects of its virtues. Would it not be dangerous to submit our party organizations, which are now comparatively free from this atmosphere, to these influences? Does not the strength of our party system lie in its contact with the people, in its very freedom from those artificialities that make government so often unhuman? Would not the establishment of our parties' headquarters and our parties' conventions in the city of Washington turn our parties into bureaus and our party workers into bureaucrats?

Another objection to the plan of holding party conventions in Washington is that it would deprive whole sections of our country of ever having the stimulus that comes from a National convention. Hurtful as local influence may at times be upon a National convention, that influence is invariably countered by the National influence of the convention upon the city and surrounding regions. In a sense the city in which a National convention meets is for the time being the political capital of the country. Party conventions are altogether outside of the written Constitution, but are a vital part of the Nation's real and living Constitution. No student of American institutions can understand America's system of government without being acquainted with American party conventions and particularly National conventions. In no other country in the world are there similar institutions. In no other country is the political center of gravity, so to speak, shifted periodically from one region to another. The influence of these movable conventions upon the Nation is incalculable. Shall we sacrifice that influence?

Still another objection is equally serious. It is the converse of that just stated. To confine National conventions to the city of Washington would be to deprive them as well as the country at large of the benefits derived from the contact between the convention and the locality. Local or sectional influences upon the conventions are not by any means hurtful. On the contrary they are invigorating. The contrast between the Republican Convention of 1912 and that of 1924, between the Democratic Convention of 1912 and that of 1916 was almost as great, in some respects quite as great, as the contrast between the conventions of two different parties and was due in no small degree to the surroundings. The Presidential convention is at least one great institution in the United States that is unhampered by documentary straight-jackets. Of all American institutions the National party convention is the least conventional. It lives. Therefore it is not built but it grows. It adapts itself to its environment. It adjusts itself to times and circumstances. It is closer than any of our other National institutions to the people themselves. Just because it is affected quadrennially by varying sectional or local influence it can never become either local or even sectional. Shall we doom this living thing to the perma-

nent local influence of Washington and the Atlantic seaboard?

One more objection and we leave the question to our readers. Perhaps most serious of all is this objection—which Mr. Merritt puts as an argument in favor of holding all National party conventions in Washington. Mr. Merritt says that “the holding of conventions in Washington would be a step toward recognition of party machinery as Governmental machinery.” Is not that exactly what Americans should wish to avoid? Is not our Governmental machinery already too cumbersome, too mechanical, too inclusive? Do we want to turn all our democracy into government forms? Belief in a strong National Government does not necessarily mean belief in a government that does everything for the citizens. Are American citizens not to organize themselves politically apart from the government? Does not political freedom consist in the maintenance among the citizenry of power to hold the government in check? Is not the very organization of our party system evidence of that spontaneous political action that is the secret of the preservation of American political rights? If we were to hand over our party conventions to Washington would not the American genius invent something to take their place?

Flaming Youth

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of *The Outlook*

THE other evening I was fortunate enough to be a guest at a club dinner-table in a group of men who had gathered to see a private showing of some remarkable pictures of Samoa. Barring the writer of these lines it was a notable group. The Nestor of the occasion—a Nestor in spite of his alert physique and his ever fresh and forward-looking spirit—was one of the ablest statesmen of our time, truly an American Prime Minister in experience and wisdom; then there was an artist, of equal experience and reputation in his profession, a personal associate of some of the great painters of Barbizon; the host, an accomplished playwright, may justly pride himself on the enviable and intimate acquaintance with Robert Louis Stevenson which he enjoyed in his early youth; another of the company was a well-known and influential theologian; and still another guest was one of the most highly trained and doubtless one of the best equipped in range of knowledge among contemporary American musical critics.

Before the pictures were shown—which, by the way, displayed strikingly the beauty, agility, fearlessness and flexibility of youth—the conversation turned upon creative genius. What is it? whence does it spring? is it an attribute of youth or of age? is it inborn or is it a product of experience? were some of the questions asked.

“It is an attribute of youth,” unhesitatingly answered the statesman; “creative genius is a product of or is perhaps synonymous with imagination and youth is the period when imagination functions most completely. The child of three or four lives almost wholly in a world of imagination. His thoughts are almost entirely fancies, often fantastic. Imagination may be tempered, mellowed, developed by the wisdom of experience, but it is clearly a youthful quality.”

“That thesis can undoubtedly be maintained by examples from the history of literature; Herodotus was acclaimed as a brilliant man of letters at Athens in the age of Pericles when he was in his thirties; and in modern times,

Keats wrote his classic and imperishable 'Grecian Urn' at twenty-five; but is it true of all the arts?" I queried.

"It is true in music," commented the musical critic; "Pergolesi died at twenty-six, Schubert died at thirty-one, Mozart died at thirty-five, and Beethoven composed his Fifth Symphony, which many regard as the culmination of his genius, when thirty-five or six years of age."

At this point in the conversation the painter observed in a tone of reminiscence: "The same phenomena may be found, I believe, in the history of painting and sculpture. But this must always be remembered. The painter or sculptor is not only a creator of ideas but he is a manual performer. He is, as it were, not only a composer but a piano virtuoso. He has to learn his *métier*, as the French call it—the method, the technique of his art. That takes time. Yet some of Millet's finest drawings and etchings were done when he had not yet reached forty years of age. The poet or playwright has been steeped in his *métier* or medium—which is language—from earliest childhood. He can concentrate upon ideas. Technique in his case is almost spontaneous, or at least requires only a secondary effort. The French lay great stress upon the importance of *métier* or technique. Boutet de Monvel, that fascinating and gifted painter of child-life, was a charming talker and had a fund of interesting ideas and reminiscences about art. I remember that when a friend once urged him to write, as no doubt he could have done delightfully, he answered, 'My dear fellow, impossible! I am totally ignorant of the *métier*.'"

Here someone asked the statesman if the theory that creative genius is an attribute of youth holds true in politics.

"Well," he replied, "one has only to turn for effective evidence to Jefferson, who wrote the 'Declaration of Independence' when thirty-three; to Alexander Hamilton who wrote his 'Federalist' papers at thirty and organized the United States Treasury at thirty-two; to Bonaparte who caused to be created if he did not actually create the Code Napoleon at thirty-one; and to the Younger Pitt who became Chancellor of the Exchequer at twenty-three and Prime Minister of England at twenty-four—the most extraordinary rise to power in the entire history of popular government."

This conversation, thus roughly and inadequately reported, certainly furnishes food for thought.

In the current discussions of the day there is a good deal of apprehension expressed about the manifestations of radicalism and independence in the "younger generation." But what else are we elders to expect? It is perhaps only the seething of the forces of creative genius.

All we can reasonably ask is that creative genius shall recognize certain age-old and commonly accepted canons of good taste, to say nothing of good morals. You want your young dog to be lively, exuberant, inquisitive, independent, and full of initiative; but you have a right to insist that he shall be at least house-broken if he is going to live with you.

Moreover I think we may reasonably ask the young person to make sure that he correctly discriminates between what is mere impudence and eccentricity and what is really creative genius. Theodore Roosevelt put the problem, so far as it concerns practical, every-day life, very well in an address which he made to the undergraduates of Cambridge University during his visit to England in 1910:

There are two kinds of success. One is the very rare kind that comes to the man who has the power to do what no one else has the power to do. That is genius. I am not discussing what form that genius takes; whether it is the genius of a man who can write a poem that no one else can write, "The Ode on a Grecian Urn," for example, or "Helen, thy beauty is to me;" or of a man who can do 100 yards in nine and three-fifths seconds. Such a man does what no one else can do. Only a very limited amount of the success of life comes to persons possessing genius. The average man who is successful—the average statesman, the average public servant, the average soldier, who wins what we call great success—is not a genius. He is a man who has merely the ordinary qualities that he shares with his fellows, but who has developed those ordinary qualities to a more than ordinary degree. . . .

In public life it is not genius, it is not extraordinary subtlety, or acuteness of intellect, that is important. The things that are important are the rather commonplace, the rather humdrum virtues that in their sum are designated as character. If you have in public life men of good ability, not geniuses, but men of good abilities, with character—and, gentlemen, you must include as one of the most important elements of character common sense—if you possess such men, the Government will go on very well.

So will civilized society go on very well, notwithstanding Oxford bags, abbreviated skirts, boyish bobs, lip-sticks, vanity-cases and even hip-pocket flasks, if only eager youth will not forget that humdrum conventions have some basis of reason and that violent and shrieking eccentricity is not always a mark of genius or even of originality.

Arms and the Man Again

By ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

The Outlook's Editor in Europe

THE League is simply killing itself." So said a disgruntled Italian to me the other day at the Arms Limitation meeting here. "Its vain attempts at disarmament only recoil upon itself. Its getting to be what your Roosevelt called a 'Meddlesome Matty.' At least that is what we think in Italy."

"Don't you believe it," protested a delegate from the North. "We have already a list of agreements on various points even if there is a list of disagreements."

We were standing in the lobby of the great glass hall in the League of Nations

building. At the other end of the room, around an enormous horseshoe table, some men had been gathering and were just being called to order by their chairman, Jonkheer Loudon, former Dutch Ambassador at Washington.

Lord Cecil

A STOOP-SHOULDERED, very serious-looking man rose to speak. It must be the thousandth time, I thought, that he has risen in these precincts to speak on this particular subject.

The subject was the limitation of

arms. The speaker was Lord Cecil. For many years, in season and out of season, he has been a sturdy protagonist of what has been miscalled disarmament. At first his methods were quixotic. "Disarm," said he, "and there will be a new civilization." This naiveté was too much for Continental realists, especially the French. So in the person of M. de Jouvenel they provided a useful Sancho Panza to Don Quixote Cecil. The two worked out a plan for a practical, material inducement to disarmament, that is to say, by providing, first for interna-

tional arbitration of questions unsolvable by the processes of diplomacy and then for frontier security. Yet the plan did not receive the Geneva delegates' unanimous acceptance. That was to come a year later with the famous "*Protocole de Genève*." Even this, however, was thrown out of the window—for the moment anyway—when an English cabinet change made it necessary to repudiate the acts at Geneva of the Labor Government's representatives.

Now, though the limitation of arms is only one of the factors in preventing war, if one subject more than another seems appropriate for discussion by a League of Nations, it is this. Even had there been no World War to emphasize it, the burdens of armament were long since intolerable. They are now more intolerable than ever.

Hence the check to the plans matured by the League only whetted the appetite, stimulated by the Locarno security agreement, for new search for some omnibus formula. A Preparatory Commission, looking towards a general Conference, was announced.

It was this Commission that I had been viewing—generals, admirals, air experts, economists, statesmen, representing twenty countries, including the United States. They had not come together without realizing that their problem was vaster and more complex than it had been in other years, hence all the greater danger that supposed results might be illusory. Meanwhile the thing to do remained as insistent as ever, namely to limit land, sea and air armaments without causing risk.

M. Paul-Boncour

IF Lord Cecil was the most striking figure on my side of the room, M. Paul-Boncour was on the other. A short man where Lord Cecil is tall; a defiant man, as becomes a Socialist, where the other is self-contained as becomes a Conservative in general and the representative of a historic Tory family in particular. It was interesting to hear arguments for a highly technical limitation from the Englishman, where one might have expected a general average, and a general average from the Frenchman when one might have expected the contrary.

This five weeks' session of the Preparatory Commission has been practically a tussle between England and France.

The English regard limitation as applicable only to men, munitions, and other military material. The French, on the other hand, insist on a consideration of all economic as well as military forces of a nation as really war material, and

hence in the purview of the approaching Conference.

Tonnage

AS does no other country, England depends on the sea: she needs large vessels. France has not the need for such a marine. Hence in limiting armaments, disagreements were bound to come. Some of them go over until the next meeting, November 1. They do not necessarily mean a check along the whole line. The positive, practical thing done at this meeting has been to suggest principles upon which limitation can be based, to define methods of application in some cases, and to prepare a preliminary draft of an international agreement.

Repeated visits during these weeks to the Glass Room showed me the difficulty of getting together on important subjects. Of these the most important was that of naval tonnage.

The English had proposed a tonnage limitation for each class or category of ships. The French had proposed a general tonnage limitation—that is, allocating tonnage as they pleased, they took into account the sum of the individual tonnages of all fighting craft and then made an average limitation. Of the English and French protagonists M. Paul-Boncour was far and away the more eloquent; but I heard no adequate answer by him to his opponent's charge: "With your limitation you would never know exactly what you had before you. We cannot accept a limitation system exclusively founded on general tonnage: it has the great inconvenience of containing factors of surprise."

Effectives

A PROMINENT subject at this spring's meeting was that of effectives, that is to say, troops who, almost immediately after the outbreak of hostilities, are available for despatch to the fighting lines. Mr. Hugh Gibson, our alert representative, maintained that the trained reserves should also be subject to limitation—those who had received military training with the colors and who are under legal liability to be recalled in the event of mobilization. I was glad to be present at a debate which finally included police, gendarmerie, customs guards, foresters.

The limitation of the number of effectives was then appropriately followed by limiting the period of service.

Italy

BUT it is not enough to have men. They must be armed and equipped. Here General de Marinis, the bluff but not unpleasant looking representative of Italy, declared that his country would

not accept a limitation placing it in inferiority with any other.

This striking attitude has also been revealed at the Arms Manufacture Commission by the General's opposition to Mr. Gibson's proposal of an international agreement stipulating the publication of statistics concerning the manufacture of arms and munitions, whether by the Government or by private concerns. Some time ago I had heard the same suggestion too from Theodore Burton, our delegate to the Arms Traffic meeting here.

Air and Control

ANOTHER fruitful source of discussion was, of course, the air. Here Mr. Gibson also reiterated opposition to any curtailment of civil aviation. And here the French general average had better success as opposed to the English "first line of all shore-based craft." "I am sure," remarked M. de Brouchère of Belgium, "that if I found myself near a bomb dropped from an enemy airplane, I would not be at all concerned whether the offending aircraft had taken off from a vessel at sea or from a land air-drome."

The subject of control also revealed a difference between the French and the English. As a concession to us Americans, the French agreed that a control commission should be outside the League but that it was a necessary organ to examine complaints and to publish all information of a military nature. The English and ourselves would be satisfied to trust for this to the conscience of the nations.

The Coolidge Conference

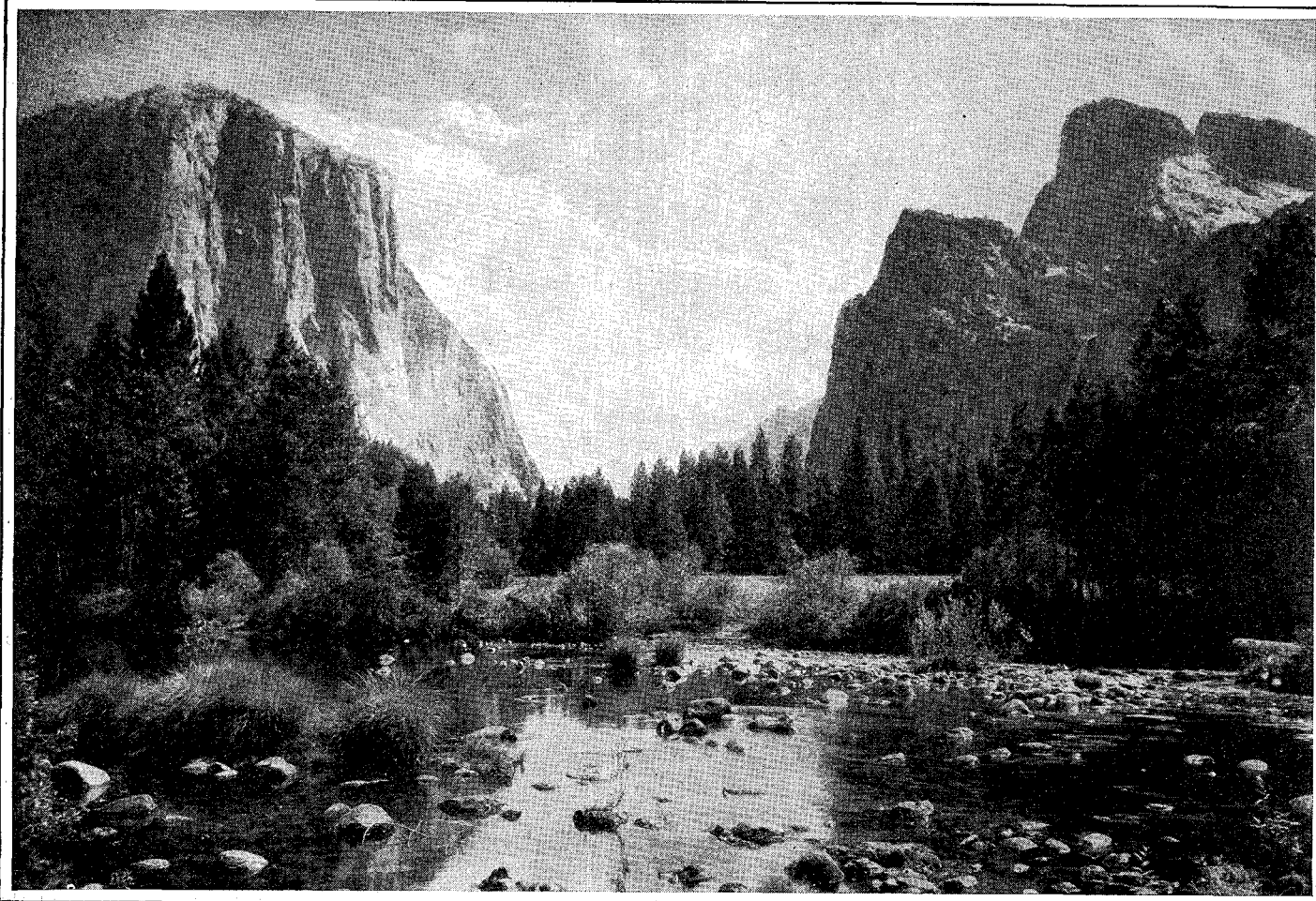
THE Americo-Anglo-Japanese Naval Conference, called by President Coolidge and convening here on June 12, takes on new importance from the Preparatory Commission's failure to come to an agreement on all the subjects before it, especially on that of naval tonnages. Highest hopes are cherished for the success of the coming Conference. Unless my forecast be mistaken, it should accomplish, among others, three results:

Like the 1922 Washington Conference, it should show that a wisely limited program may win where an omnibus programme, like that of the Preparatory Commission, fails.

It should repeat the technical success of the Washington Conference, now as applied to cruisers instead of battleships, and reverting to a smaller type.

It should also repeat the success of that Conference as a pledge of economy and justice.

Geneva, Switzerland.



The gateway to the Yosemite. Behind its formidable turrets lie Yosemite Park and the territory which it is hoped to preserve in a state of virgin nature

Sanctuary! Sanctuary!

By JAMES CLYDE GILBERT

SOMETHING new in the way of a National reservation has just been created by the Department of the Interior. High in the Sierra country of Yosemite National Park, California, an area of approximately seven square miles has been set aside as a complete and perpetual reservation in which the flora and fauna will always be left in their primitive state, unmolested by man. This is one region that will be barred to the tourist, one spot in our America that will remain as it was when the first white man entered it in his mad search for gold. All domestic animals, camping, and fishing will be forbidden. Admission will be by special permission only, and then solely for the purpose of making scientific studies or in connection with the administration of the secluded area. Plants and wild animals in the perpetual reserve will not be removed or in any way interfered with unless some invasion from the outside world should seriously disturb the balance as provided by nature.

This remarkable reservation is in an

absolutely elemental state so far as improvements are concerned. There are no roadways or well-defined trails leading into it. Nevertheless it is not difficult of access, and when once the ascent is made the slight hardship is forgotten in the magnificent fairyland that is revealed. The lower slopes are well wooded, and the view over the Cathedral Range to the south is such that the finest photograph is inadequate to convey to the mind a satisfactory impression of its rugged beauty. In alpine meadows are found the white squaw grass bunches, resembling huge snowballs on goldenrod stems. Then there are the avalanche lilies and evening primroses growing in profusion, with the snow-capped Sierras for a background. In some scenery there is an element of awe and grandeur, even a grimness that makes one shudder. The charm of this region is that, with all its scenic splendor, it is so serenely beautiful and restful in character. The first white man to see the Yosemite country was a prospector who wandered on a trail up the

Merced River in 1849, the year after the discovery of gold in Captain Sutter's sawmill raceway in the Sacramento Valley. His account of the valley and the scenery was not taken seriously by the coast miners and others. Two years later United States troops in pursuit of marauding Indians came to the entrance of the valley. They went into camp on the bank of the Merced River, opposite the peak El Capitan. One of the party, a Dr. Bunnell, proposed that they call it Yosemite Valley, in honor of the tribe of Indians that had so long lived there in freedom. This name was given it. In Indian language Yosemite means "full-grown grizzly bear."

Water-power interests and greedy irrigation combines are ready to grab off anything to their advantage in the National Parks and Forests. But there is nothing in the high Sierras that they could possibly wish for, so it is safe from despoliation from that angle. The march of "progress" will never interfere with this sanctuary of wilderness life. Certain European countries, notably Sweden

and Switzerland, have set aside high mountain parks such as this. They are strictly policed and the tourist is not permitted to enter promiscuously. We have our National Parks and Monu-

ments, where the tourist is welcome and made comfortable. These places provide all that is necessary for recreation purposes. We have been in need of just such a reserve as the one recently set

aside, and naturalists who wish to see the primitive alpine district of California will be grateful for the foresight of those who are responsible for the act that made possible such a natural sanctuary.

The Doctor

By DON C. SEITZ

MY life-long friend, the Doctor, is dead. He slipped from his office chair while listening to the troubles of a patient, and so stepped as briskly out of life as he had made his way through it. He died in the little Maine town where his father was born, and where he had grown up, though venturing now and then to other parts. "Physician and Surgeon" were the words on his sign. He was both.

Yes, he was both and more. Few men developed greater skill with the knife; few could better cure with pills and potions. Beyond this he knew how to conquer nerves, rid the mind of fear, and restore confidence in his patients. He did all this with frankness; told the truth, but in such a way as to make it welcome. "Fix me up" became a by-word among those who came to him. He usually did.

Somehow he never seemed to sleep, and was seldom idle. When no ills demanded his attention, he read, played a bit on the flute, and even tinkled a piano; he sang—not well, but stentoriously. Music always interested him. He attended the festivals and encouraged the art on all occasions. He was also a "joiner"—belonged to everything except the church. I recall his disturbance when a promised Order of Red Men failed to materialize. He had looked forward to its mysteries with deep anticipation, and felt keenly disappointed.

MILITARY life appealed to him. He became surgeon in the National Guard of his State; went with it to the Spanish War, though never getting nearer the firing line than Chattanooga, where forty-six of his men died under other hands, while he was transferred to hospital service on Lookout Mountain. The Government gave him one fever thermometer for 300 men. He rode on horseback to Chattanooga and bought the local stock—seven in all. The Medical Department nearly court-martialed him for this irregularity. He could get no nurses, and the chaplains would not climb the mountain to console the dying.

Flies blackened the faces of the sick men. He could get no wire-screening. One day a gorgeous Medical Staff came to dine. He served a beefsteak, *à la* hospital. It was hidden under insects. The sight so upset one delicate doctor that he "threw up" his breakfast. After that screening came. Also a reputation that took him to Cuba, where he built a hospital at Marianao. Then he came home.

His practice prospered; his reputation grew. The world was bright before him. Then the Great War broke. In the beginning it was none of his troubles, but he heeded Mabel Boardman's call and went with the Red Cross to Germany. Given charge of a unit, he was sent in October, 1914, to Cosel, in Silesia. He was unwelcome. A hotel was set aside for his nurses. He found it occupied by the mistresses of German officers. These he expelled. He was not allowed to use his own Red Cross supplies. To top this a poster was placed on the wall of every ward by which it was *verboten* for any operation to be performed without the presence of a German army doctor.

THERE came from the Russian front a fair young German badly afflicted with gangrene. At times a vein would break in the offensive flesh, which would have to be taken up. One day this happened when the Doctor was alone in the hospital. A nurse summoned him in haste. The lad was a great favorite.

"Where is the Herr Doctor?" he asked. No one knew.

"Find him," he said. Then he took the soldier's pulse, throbbing weaker with each stroke as the blood dripped from the broken vein. It indicated thirty minutes of life.

He went outside and sat down on the hospital steps. Soon the head nurse ran out.

"Are you not going to operate?" she queried.

"Not without the Herr Doctor."

He lit a cigar. Nurse after nurse ran out, begging him to act. He shook his head. Messengers were sent scurrying and telephones were kept busy, but

seemingly without results. The nurses were in tears, the patient all but unconscious.

AT the end of twenty minutes a junior German surgeon came in, breathless. The Doctor rose from his step, sliced off some "proud flesh" and tied up the artery. Strangely enough, the boy got well.

The affair made a great stir.

"Was it your purpose to let the man die?" asked the chief German surgeon.

"It was my purpose to let the man die."

"And why, Herr Doctor?"

"Because of the sign on the wall."

Berlin heard of the episode, and the Prince de Sagan, a civilian supervisor of hospital work, came to Cosel for first-hand information. When he heard the facts, he slapped the Doctor on the back.

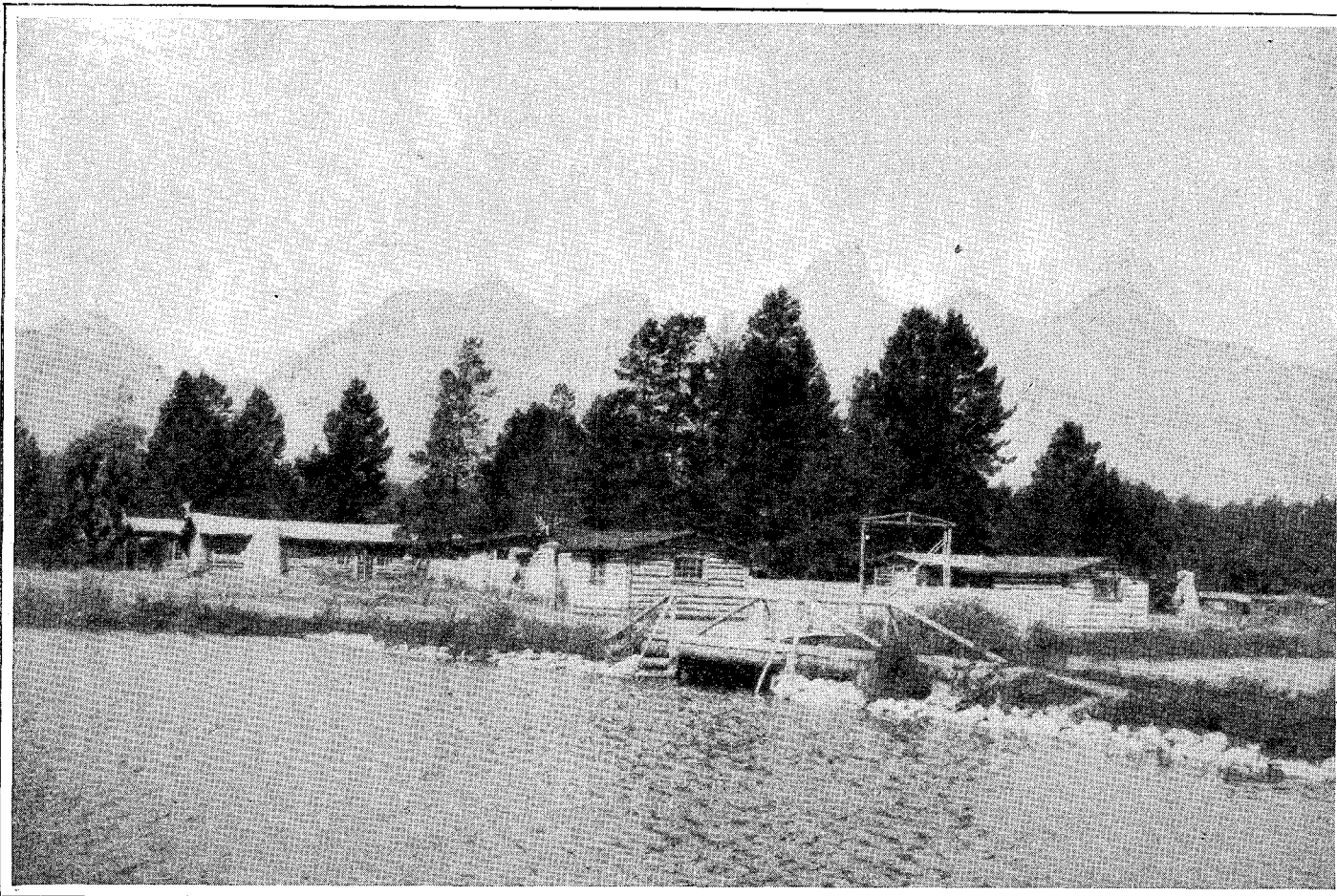
"You have taught these bureaucrats a lesson that they richly deserve," he exclaimed. "The signs shall come down."

Down they came. So did all other restrictions. The supplies were taken from storage and put to use. Insults ended. The Doctor was master of Cosel until death in his household ordered him home.

SOON he was in the American Army again, but not to stay. Hard service had brought on excessive blood pressure. He was relieved and sent home. Here he cheerily took up his practice as everybody's physician and surgeon, with the certain knowledge that the next moment might be his last. It did not come for a decade.

When he fell from his chair, the whole town and much of his native State mourned. A bugle blew taps over his grave. Little children wept when they knew the good Doctor was gone, to be with them no more. It had been given to few men to mean as much to the community as he.

Who was he? you ask. Dr. Bial F. Bradbury, of Norway, Oxford County, Maine.



Homes for dudes in the ranching country. We regret to state that we have no information as to the size and quantity of the trout in the waters in the foreground

Dude Ranches

By STRUTHERS BURT

DO you run a ranch or a ranch?" a Governor of Wyoming once asked me, in the days when I was an active dude-wrangler, to which I replied, briefly, "Ranch—accent hard, flat, and workmanlike." But that was in the pioneering period of dude-wrangling, when even Governors of Wyoming were amused and skeptical concerning this new enterprise just emerging above the horizon.

The pioneering period of dude-wrangling—eleven years ago, the dude business being not much more than thirty-seven years old.

It was a healthy youngster, however, eleven years ago; and to-day it is a full-grown, mature factor in Far-Western life, for it supplied a growing need and represented an intelligent theory. The need was this: that in our increasingly complex and noisy life there should be places where people could actually be simple and to some extent indulge primitive and heroic tastes, and the theory was that the dude-wrangler, having found what to him was an ideal life—the life of a ranch—other people of similar tastes would agree with him.

Nowadays Governors of Wyoming no longer laugh at dude ranches; no one laughs at them except the ignorant or those Easterners who by ill luck have been to one of the few dude ranches not representative of the profession; ranches which I will mention later. The dude-ranching business is one of the most solid and prosperous businesses of the Far West and the dude-wrangler one of the most substantial and respected of citizens. His theories have been vindicated and his intelligence verified, for the dude-wrangler is invariably on the side of Conservation, preservation, and decent development, and to any country a dude ranch is an asset.

DUDE ranching began by accident, and was developed more or less in the mind of one man, or rather, three men, for the original man had two brothers who subsequently joined him, and I never write an article on this subject without paying my respects to those men, for they deserve it. Howard Eaton was the original man, and dude-wrangling began because Howard Eaton years ago, in the seventies, went ranching in

the Dakotas, and was such a popular man, such an engaging personality, such a genial sportsman, that his friends insisted upon visiting him. After a while so many visitors came that Eaton conceived the idea of turning this love of vicarious ranching into something more solid. It was Eaton who invented the word "dude," or rather, used it in this new way; and used in this new way it means nothing more or less than a stranger to a country. There is nothing about it in the least derogatory.

Now a business developed in the mind of one man usually is an interesting and original business if that man has any trace of idealism, and Howard Eaton had a great deal. He loved passionately the country he was in and its life; loved these in a way not altogether conceivable to any but those who feel a similar passion. The stamp he put upon his business has never been lost, and all but the less intelligent dude-wranglers are his followers. Probably if it had not been for Howard Eaton there would have been no dude ranches, and the desire of people to visit the Far West would have been inadequately satisfied



Off for a horseback ride in the range country. It looks as though some ungenerous soul had just shouted, "Go back, Towser"

by summer boarding-houses and hotels. Eaton realized that it was not altogether scenery, not altogether climate, quietness, or sport, that brought people to his place; but that to a great extent it was the picturesque, charming, and peculiar life of a ranch; and so, even when he became prosperous and the dude end of his outfit the largest part of it, he never made the mistake of turning his place into anything other than what it was. It began as a ranch, and it is a ranch to-day, although the Eatons have moved from Dakota to Wyoming and Howard, alas! is dead. Nor are any other good dude ranches anything but ranches, and once they try anything else, immediately they lose their flavor.

They are not small hotels, they are not summer boarding-houses, they are not sportsmen's clubs, and, above all, they are not theatrical imitations of something that has vanished, although I still find considerable ignorance on all these four points, especially the last, despite the thousands of persons who have visited dude ranches in the past ten years.

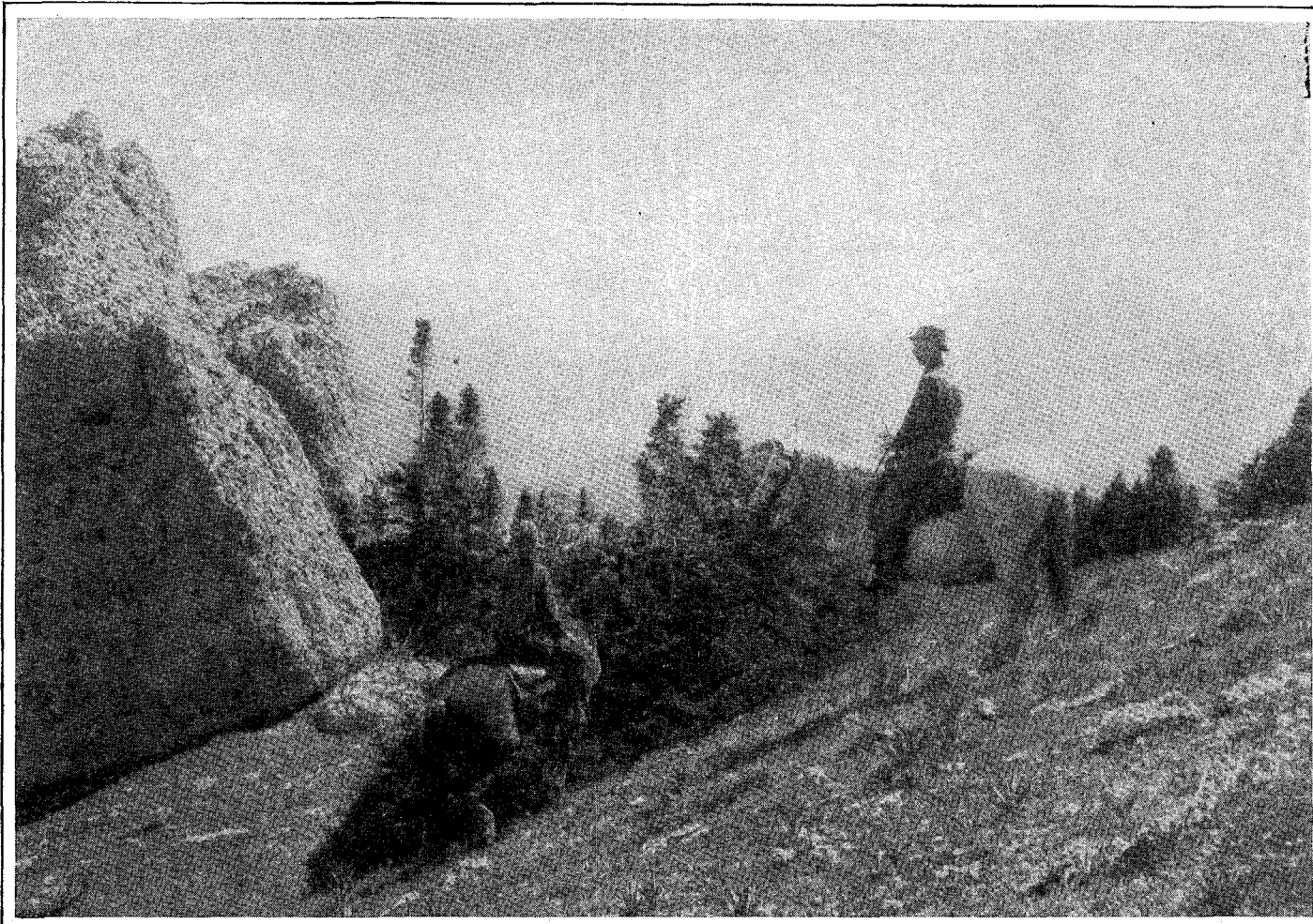
THERE is, of course, a certain type of mind which believes nothing it sees except bathtubs and motor cars and things like that; and this type of mind finds anything unusual suspicious. Such a type of mind is convinced that all the

life of the old West is a thing of the past; but then it was convinced of that ten, twenty, thirty, forty years ago. I have had people on my ranch who assumed, and could not be argued out of it, that my cow-punchers wore chaps, the neighboring mountains were snow-covered, and the skies were exceptionally blue just to impress visitors. I think they even thought the bears and elk were stage properties. There is nothing to do with people like that except to send them back to the grim realities of golf. There are other, and pleasant, people who have been trapped into visiting one of those ranches founded on the belief that all Easterners are fools—a fairly old Far-Western belief. Having been met at the station by a replica of an Overland Stage, and having had to spend several weeks in an unnecessary atmosphere of shooting, trick roping, bucking horses, and pseudo-cattle work, they naturally return home slightly disillusioned.

Not long ago I met one such victim, and she asked me—it was a she—with a twist to her mouth, if on my ranches my cow-punchers and horse-wranglers and rastabouts "always wore color symphonies"? Being a founder, and at present a non-active partner in a dignified and legitimate dude ranch, I asked with some heat what she meant. She replied that at the place where she had

spent the summer all the ranch hands wore different kinds of silk shirts each day, and that their neck-handkerchiefs and shirts either matched or were in carefully selected contrast. Nothing like that happens on any of my ranches, or on any of the dude ranches I know—every one is much too busy. In fact, dude ranches are busier than any other sort of ranch. They would be, for to the duties of an ordinary ranch is added the work of caring for and amusing a number of strangers.

Naturally, the organization and equipment of a place that looks after anywhere from fifty to a hundred and fifty guests are different in many details and larger than the organization and equipment of a place that looks after only cattle, or sheep, or horses; and in his effort to keep his guests amused and make them comfortable the dude-wrangler is in danger of crossing the dividing line between a ranch and a hotel, but the wise dude-wrangler never does; and if he does, he is just so much the worse off in the minds of sensible dudes and sensible Westerners. Dude-wrangling is a delicate job; the successful dude-wrangler must have a talent for psychology, and he learns more about it each day; also he must have the most sensitive tact and the most sensitive sort of taste. He is trying to preserve a reality, but a reality, of course, which never until re-



Sure-footed Western horses are at home in such country as this. Even a bronco ought to get pleasure from such a view

cently had as an added factor the presence of several score aliens who are paying board. You see the dilemma. A man pays you board; therefore, to a certain extent, he has you in his power. He has come to your place because it is a ranch; but at the same time, not being a rancher himself, he demands conveniences most ranches do without. To preserve the balance requires all the imagination and foresight a dude-wrangler possesses.

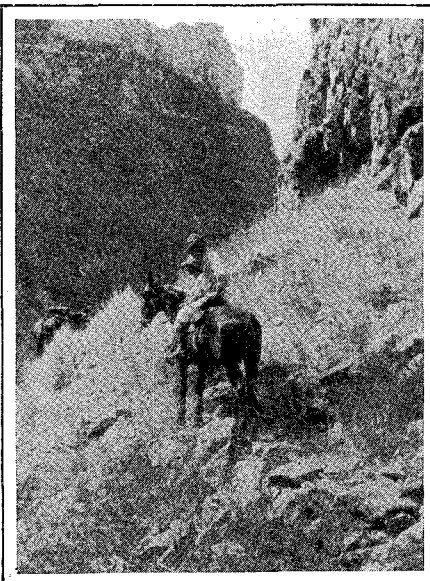
Nor is the wise dude-wrangler ever engaged in "theatrical imitations of something that has vanished." This is an idea, for some strange reason, confined to New York and Hollywood. New York knows, because it knows everything. It does, doesn't it? At all events, what it doesn't know it is unaware of. And Hollywood knows, because, knowing nothing, whenever it penetrates the Far West it moves in a caravan like self-contained Arabs. But, despite New York and Hollywood, the dude-wrangler has no need to imitate a vanished thing, because where the dude-wrangler usually finds himself the thing has not vanished.

To the man really familiar with the remote reaches of the Far West there is nothing more amusing, and fre-

quently irritating, than the assumption that the old West and the life of the ranches is a thing of the past. Neither the motor car, nor the radio, nor the airplane, can, or ever will, alter the fact that this is a huge country and that many parts of it are inaccessible to any sort of penetration save penetration of a primitive kind. There are hundreds of square miles of the Far West a man cannot get into save on horseback, and

there are other hundreds of square miles he cannot enter save on foot; while even where the motor car exists you cannot destroy the cowboy, for the simple reason that stock cannot be worked from an automobile. There are a dozen other reasons, but they cannot be gone into here for lack of space. Nor, as I said before, is there much sense in such an argument. Some day, however, if I ever find the time, I will try to persuade certain New Yorkers and certain motion-picture directors to visit me, so that I can take them out in the hills and lose them. I would love to leave them alone with "the old West" for a night or two.

The dude-wrangler has a perpetual and growing business. He represents no passing phase between the frontier and civilization, and he has a serious and important job. In the epic figures that have marked the development of the Far West—the explorer, the trapper, the trader, the miner, the cattleman, the sheepman, and the Forest Ranger—he takes his place, the youngest of them all. His duty is to explain the Far West to the Easterner and to preserve what is useful and beautiful of the Far West for future generations. All the ones I know are doing this two-sided job well.



A rough trail through a Western canyon



No need to fear rough water with a modern, well-designed runabout. This is a sea sled "hitting the bumps" at thirty miles an hour

Why Not Get Out on the Water?

What the Coming of the Stock Craft Has Done to Make Boating Possible for the Multitude

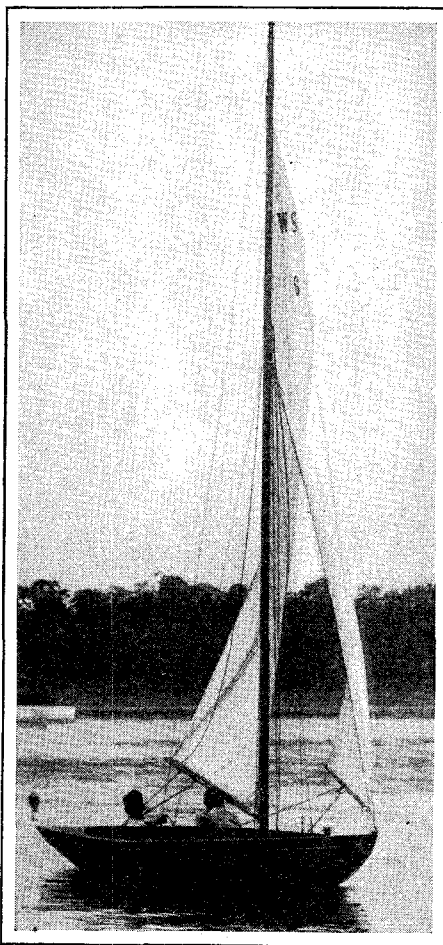
By HERBERT L. STONE

Editor of "Yachting"

FOR a country as particularly fortunate as ours in waters that are ideal for boating, we, as a whole, have made in the past but poor use of them for recreational purposes. And this in spite of the fact that we were originally a seafaring people whose very existence was dependent on the use of the waters that washed our coasts or that wound their way inland and formed the great highways of the Nation before the days of good roads or steam.

With the opening up of the vast country at the back of the original States along the seaboard, it was perhaps natural that for a time our ancient heritage of the sea should be forced into the background. But with the tremendous industrial development that has taken place here it is surprising that so little has been accomplished along the lines of ship and boat building—a field in which we were once the foremost nation of the world. Up to a very few years ago the adze, the hand saw, and the plane were the tools still in use for wooden-ship building, very much as they had been since Captain Noah built the ark. Here tradition held strong, while in every other industry machine tools were taking the place of primitive methods.

Under these conditions, even when leisure to use the water became possible, yachting was confined to a comparatively few localities and the feeling was

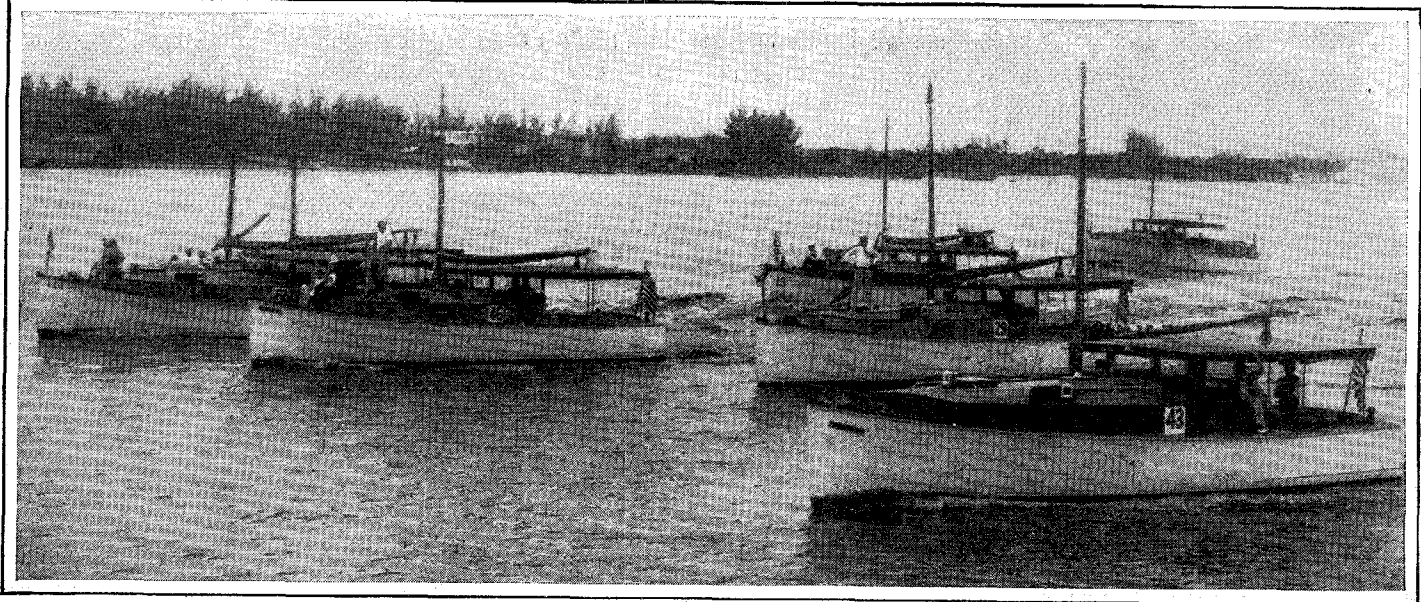


One of the popular sailboats, a 15-footer, which is unsinkable. It is used extensively by youngsters, or on small bodies of water, where a larger boat would be out of place

general that boats and boating were only for the rich and the well-to-do. Then came the automobile to open up the country for recreation as it had never been opened before. The open road drew many, and with the flooding of the country with a cheap means of locomotion, the water, for a time, was still further neglected and its possibilities for pleasure overlooked.

With the nearing of the saturation point in the use of cars, many of the far-sighted men who had been building pleasure boats, and some of the manufacturers of cars, saw the possibilities in the application to the making of boats of the production methods which made low-priced automobiles possible. It had always been cheaper to build several boats of the same design at the same time than separately. With the use of special machinery, the cost could be still further reduced; and now, with the rapidly growing congestion of the roads and more stringent traffic laws taking much of the pleasure out of driving, it was time, these men figured, that we began to wake up to what the lakes, the rivers, and the waters of our long coast-line had to offer, and that we should begin to turn to our long-forgotten heritage, the sea.

So they reasoned; and so they started to build. The result is that the



A fleet of 38-foot stock cruisers all built by the same company, showing the popularity as well as the comfort of one of these summer homes afloat, on which four or more can live in comfort and go wherever the waters are navigable

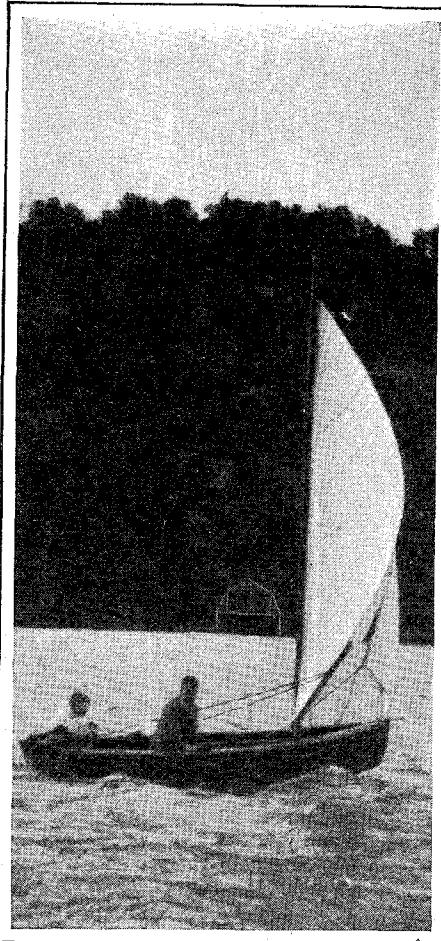
pleasure boat has now been brought within the reach of every one who, tiring of the land, longs to get afloat again—to feel the thrill that comes from handling a boat, of pushing on beyond the horizon, of exploring strange waters and, when the day is over, of dropping anchor in some quiet cove or landlocked harbor. Here, as night comes on and the riding lights begin to twinkle from the anchored boats near by, with a fire going in the snug cabin and the evening meal on the stove, one reaches the height of contentment that comes with cruising. Some one once made the pertinent remark that a cruise only began when the anchor was down and well-bitten in the bottom.

And right here it may be said that the cruiser afloat always "has it" on the automobile tourist, in that he carries his home with him. No hotels to hunt up, no camp to make, but always a comfortable cabin, with his own bed, his own galley and ice-box, his own belongings around him, and everything that makes life worth while.

IN talking about stock boats, as those that are built in quantity are called, they fall naturally into two classes, viz.: (1) cruisers; (2) runabouts, or those used for day service. The former are usually in greater demand in waters which are not confined and where trips of some length may be taken, while the latter are, of course, in greater use in restricted waters, such as lakes, rivers, or bays, where a fast boat for day use is wanted.

In general, it may be said that a 25-footer is about as small a craft as will make a satisfactory cruiser. For there must, first of all, be a cabin large enough to sleep at least two comfortably, and

even three or four at a pinch; to provide cooking and living accommodations; and to have the necessary headroom so that one will not get a crick in the back from stooping over. Then there must be storage space for clothes, and a cockpit large enough to accommodate the "crew," and visitors on occasion. All this can be had in a 25-footer. There is

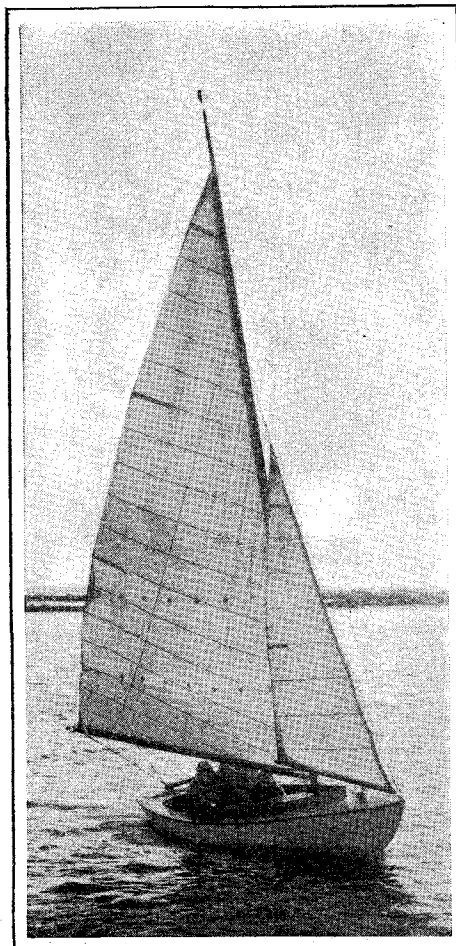


A 15-foot centerboard stock model designed by J. G. Alden, and which is now made in "knock-down" form, so that the parts may be bought and put together by the purchaser

even a 23-footer on the market that gives most of these requisites. From this size up to 45 feet in length one can find several different types and models from which to choose and to fit one's purse.

In first cost, the price of cruisers has been brought down to reasonable figures by the production methods mentioned above. They can be had at prices comparing favorably with high-grade automobiles—and it must always be remembered that a cruiser gives much more than an automobile in the way of comfort and accommodation. The comparison of price would be much fairer if it were made with a summer cottage or bungalow. From \$2,500 to \$6,500 would be the range for boats from 25 to 38 feet in length. And in one of the latter size several persons could spend the summer, or several weeks of continuous cruising, with the comfort and privacy of a small cottage ashore.

The tendency lately has been to increase the speed of cruisers as well as of runabouts. But from 10 to 15 miles per hour is what one should look for in a craft of this size. More speed means greater power, greater operating cost, and greater all-around expense. While in miles-per-gallon of fuel the cruiser does not show as well as the automobile, it must be remembered that there are no garage bills to pay, no tire upkeep, and less depreciation, so that in a comparison of the total cost of running a cruiser against an automobile the former shows very favorably. With the wide difference in size and type of engines in cruisers, no exact figures on fuel consumption per mile are possible. Broadly speaking, about three-fourths of a pint per horsepower per hour is a fair basis of estimate. The cost of upkeep on a boat depends largely on where she is laid up



A stock keel knockabout, 16 feet long, which is being used extensively in localities where the waters are exposed. Fast, able; water-tight compartments make her unsinkable

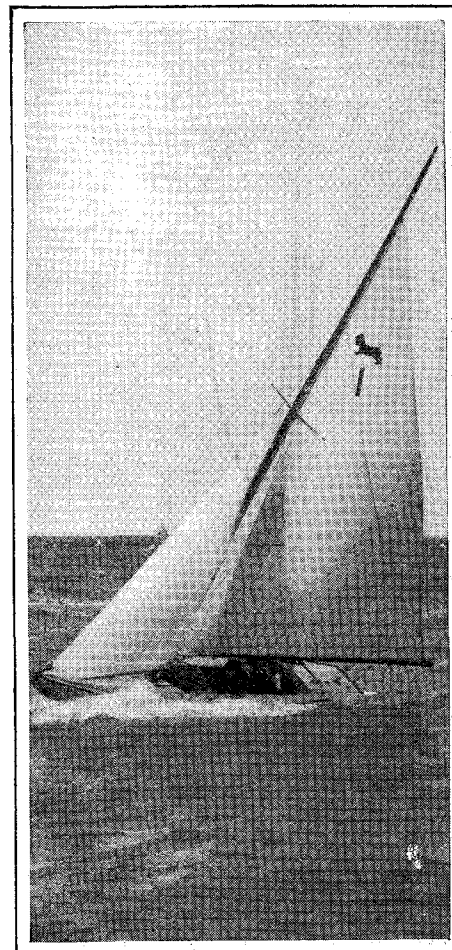
for the winter and on how much of the yearly painting and overhaul the owner does himself.

WHILE there has been a great development in the stock cruiser, it is in the fast runabout that the greatest strides have been made—in the type and quality of the boat itself, in the speed, and in the price. Heretofore anything with a speed of over 30 miles an hour was only for the man who did not have to count the cost. But to-day the price range is not much above the level

of the automobile. Then again, the boats are now designed by naval architects who have made a life study of this type of craft. They are seaworthy in any kind of weather in which one would use a small craft, and in speed per horse-power they exceed any boats of their type heretofore turned out. Stock boats range in speed from 30 to 45, and even 50 miles per hour, though to get the latter speed one must have a higher-powered engine. The range in size is from 18 to 30 feet, with seating capacity for from five to nine or ten persons, and prices run from \$1,000 up.

A 22-footer with a 25-mile to 35-mile speed will cost from \$2,000 to \$2,500. A 26-footer with a 30-mile to 35-mile speed will run from \$2,400 to \$3,200. Larger boats and higher speeds naturally run into more money, as in the automobile field. As to reliability, motor boats nowadays are just as free from motor troubles as a car, and there are no tire troubles. One can learn to drive and handle a runabout more easily than he can a car, and there is no traffic congestion to worry the beginner, while the pilot rules, or rules of the road, are as simple and as easy to understand as traffic laws ashore. Just try it once in one of the demonstration boats now provided by all of the larger manufacturers of runabouts at any of their distribution points, and find out for yourself.

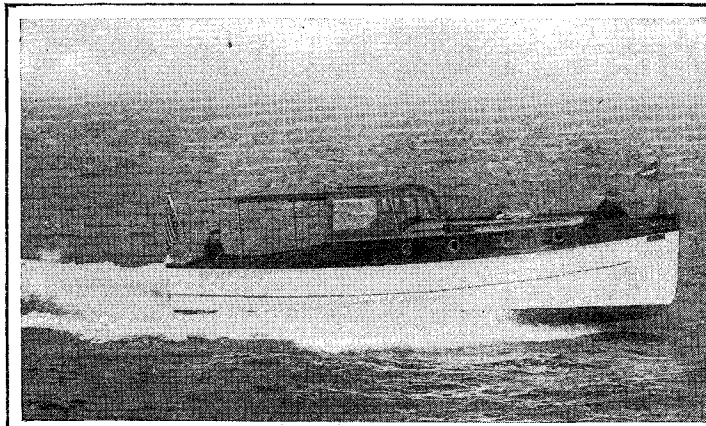
This reduction in the price of these high-speed runabouts has been made possible only through the production methods of the makers. One manufacturer alone is turning out this year no less than 500 boats, in two models, one 22½ feet in length and the other 26 feet. Production on this scale has never been tried before, and it means much in the way of a price that is within reach of the average man who wants to get on the water, and yet have the same range of speed and radius of action as in an automobile.



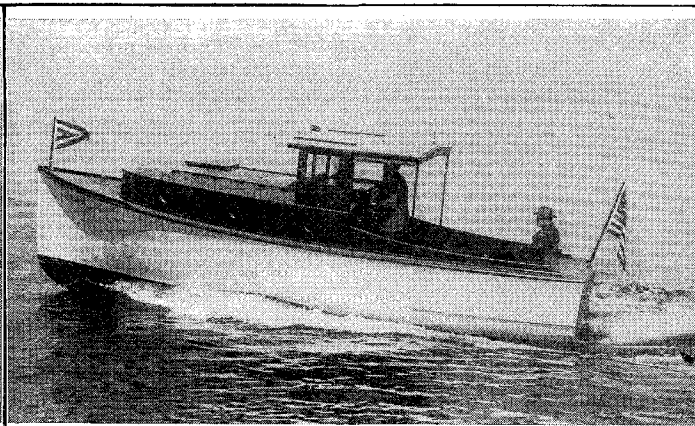
A 21-foot stock knockabout that has proved very popular on the Great Lakes. Able, fast, and weatherly

TO-DAY one may also buy a boat in the same way that he would a car. In other words, he can go to an agent or dealer in his home city and see, in a well-equipped showroom, just what he is thinking of buying. Here he can inspect the boats, talk over with the dealer such points as he wants to take up, and, above all, have a demonstration. All of which is a long step ahead of the day when he had to buy from circulars and by correspondence, without once seeing what he was getting for his money.

A type of small runabout that has



A 36-foot stock cruiser, with a forward cockpit, which has become very popular when long cruises in open waters are contemplated. One of these boats has made several trips to Labrador in perfect safety and comfort



A 26-foot cruiser, small but seaworthy and able, with living accommodations for four on an extended voyage. The large cockpit, sheltered at the forward end, gives plenty of deck space for dining "al fresco" when desired



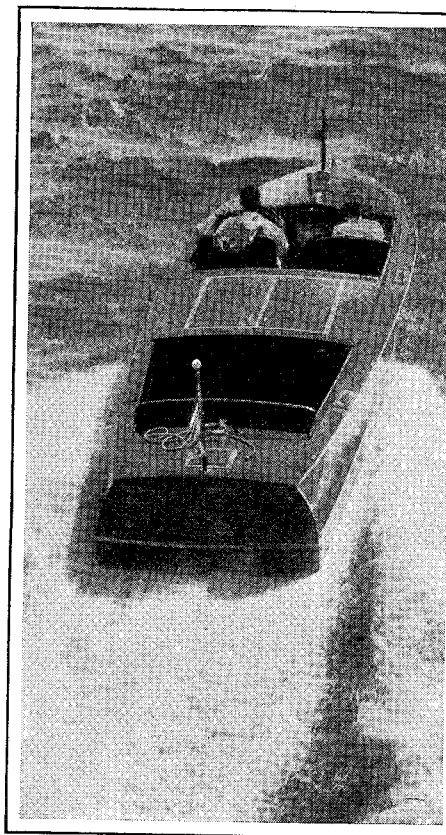
For the man who does not have to weigh the cost the fast commuter type, such as this 42-footer, is becoming a stock proposition. Comfort, plus speed of 30 miles, can be had in the daily use of such a boat

attained great popularity, due to the improvement in the outboard motor, is one built particularly for this handy, portable little power plant. Boats are now designed especially for these engines, some of which are hung over the stern, while others are dropped in a well built into the hull for this purpose. Some of these little craft, which run from 16 to 25 feet in length, are as well finished as the conventional type of runabout, and

the speeds made are remarkable, considering the amount of power developed. From 15 to 25 miles an hour have been made, though the higher speed is, so far, practicable only in light hulls built for racing. A complete equipment of hull and engine can be had for as low as \$250, and the price range runs from that figure up to \$600. Even a small cruiser is now possible with a two-cylinder outboard motor for power. Streams and lakes that have never before heard the exhaust of a motor boat are now echoing to the purr of the outboard, which has opened pathways heretofore closed to most of us with limited time and without the resources of a Cræsus.

While most of the stock-boat development has taken place in the motor-boat field, the lover of sail and tiller has also been benefited by standardization and multiple production. With the soaring of prices for boats built to order it is only by the saving made possible by the building of many boats to the same design that the price has been kept at all within reason. Yet here, unlike the motor-boat field, there are practically no cruisers—probably for the reason that no two sailing men can agree on what is necessary in either design or cabin layout, and the builders have given up as a bad job trying to satisfy them.

BUT as to stock sailboats for day use and for racing, there are several to be had that fill the eye as to looks and are satisfactory under sail. Most of them are the work of naval architects of reputation, and boats from designs by John Alden, C. D. Mower, Ralph Winslow, and others can be purchased from



Speeds of between 30 and 40 miles an hour—and no speed laws to hold you down—are now common in stock runabouts that cost no more than a good grade of motor car

stock. The size of these runs from 15 to 20 feet over all length, and the price from \$350 up to \$750, including sails. Many of these, designed for use by youngsters or beginners, are built with air tanks or water-tight compartments to make them unsinkable, and they are doing their share towards leading back the youngster of to-day to the ways of the sea which his forebears followed before him.

Moccasin and Pack

By ARTHUR GUITERMAN

TRAINS are slaves to those mysterious contrivances called timetables (subject to change without notice), and must confine their movements to the route rigidly prescribed by two narrow ribbons of steel representing what is, in effect, the shortest distance between two points. Motor cars move processionally over what their drivers call "good roads," religiously avoiding the bad roads, which always lead through and to the best places; and well-behaved motor cars are not supposed to jump fences, climb trees, or scale cliffs. Even airplanes may not invade the deep woods, and the mountaintops are to them a vaguely promised

land which they are allowed to behold but are not yet permitted to enter upon. But as for my feet,

I only have to steer them and they take me everywhere!

as Gelett Burgess sang quite a few years back. My feet may not be "beautiful upon the mountains," but they are useful there. Until I am reincarnated as a humming-bird, I don't expect to find any conveyances that give as much all-round satisfaction as those feet. Mind, I am no bigot. I have traveled extensively by train, motor, bicycle, skates, quadruped, airplane, and water-craft of various types, and hope to do so repeat-

edly in the future, but as I look back it appears that all these aids to locomotion were merely the means of bringing me to places from which I could walk. Freedom is the one great desire of all living things; and, among men, the capable walker alone knows true freedom.

To live as free as air, yet never lack
The simpler comforts, foot it with a
pack.

The conventional traveler is all tangled up with schedules, baggage, and such; he is always considering what clothes to wear, what routes are practicable, and to what hotel he should wire ahead for accommodations. — With a

CHINA—

CHINA fills the pages

CHINA peers at us through journals

CHINA stops us in the daily press

CHINA—the very word intrigues us. And those soft-syllabled generals and statesmen and cities and rivers carry fascination.

Oh, yes, we read it—at least, we start to read—and then the maze of what it's all about gets us—and we stop.

What's happening? How did it all start—and when and where? What and who is back of it all, anyway? Who are these Changs and Chengs and Shantungs—and all the rest?

Do You WANT to KNOW?

All right—there's a very simple way to learn—a very inexpensive way.

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by Paul Hutchinson. He lived in China for five years; he edited three periodicals there; his book, "China's Real Revolution," has sold upwards of a hundred thousand; he has present channels of

keeping posted on what is happening in China today. He knows his China.

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pack to supply your needs and feet able to take you where you want to go, the world is yours and the loveliest corners thereof.

My present pack, light, strong, well-balanced, and commodious, with three large external pockets, was acquired in Zermatt, under the Matterhorn, and has served me well for six years. My favorite shoes are easy, ankle-high moccasins with fairly heavy soles; but I suppose that my addiction to moccasins is largely sentimental. While on a nine days' tramp through Switzerland I wanted my moccasins, just as when in the gondolas of Venice I pined for a canoe, the loveliest craft that floats. The right pack is the one that enables you most comfortably to carry what you need, and the right footwear is that which fits you and the region and is adequately soled without being so heavy as to remind you that an ounce on the foot is equal to a pound on the back.

For woodland trail and mountain height
Let foot and pack and heart be light.

Walking is a sport, the simplest of all sports, a sport that demands no special ability, training, or equipment. All you need is a pair of responsible feet and sufficient motive power to enable you alternately and progressively to lift them up and set them down over and upon whatever part of the earth's surface happens to be convenient. With deep thankfulness I acknowledge that in the course of a physically active life my feet have carried me into many pleasant places; and yet they began their varied career poor but honest, and with certain natural disadvantages. To be frankly autobiographical, I remember myself as a very small and puny boy of five, wearing heavy steel leg-braces the weight of which compelled me to drag myself upstairs on hands and knees. Fortunately for me, an unusually wise mother, who had not forgotten her own tomboy girlhood in Ohio, saw to it that I had what I needed. Quietly—so quietly that only after I was thirty did it suddenly dawn upon me how I had been guided—she encouraged a boy's natural bent for athletics. A pair of skates as a present on my eighth birthday inevitably sent me forth on the ice to strengthen my weak ankles in the best possible exercise for the purpose. Plenty of baseball and shinny in vacant lots and all running games in a few years made me admittedly the swiftest of foot in my crowd. Trying to keep step with a tall and sinewy uncle, one of those who had enlisted at Lincoln's first call, gave me a

length of stride out of all proportion to my vertical inches that has been serviceable on many a long trail and steep climb.

More health is gained by wearing out shoe-leather
Than comes from all the doctors put together.

The most important walk is the one that begins just outside your door. Living as I do in the heart of New York, when I feel the imperative need to interrupt my work with a little exercise I generally take a jaunt of from two to four miles up and down a colorful and always exhilarating stretch of Fifth Avenue. Every town-dweller should have his pleasant, convenient walks, short and long, and every city, even your own, affords them. Dr. John Huston Finley, one-time President of my own College, State Commissioner of Education, and now one of the pillars of the New York "Times," has a pet one-day route completely skirting Manhattan Island. That means a distance of thirty miles over hard-paved streets, and requires good condition and fairly heavy soles.

SOME of my pedestrian friends, two in particular, are experts in matters of equipment. Their packs are always of the latest and best type and are fitted with everything desirable, including complete and compact cooking outfits; consequently, though myself a hasty and haphazard packer, vicarious experience qualifies me to tell you what the well-packed man will bear. But I prefer to dwell upon something of even more moment than the walker's physical burden, namely, his mental equipment. For walking is not a merely muscular exercise. Better a well-stored head than a well-filled pack, and, though a walker should be good company for others, he must, above all, be good company for himself. Like a good newspaper man, a good walker cannot know too much. A lively minded person with some knowledge of birds, beasts, flowers, trees, rocks, and local history will see more, think more, and enjoy more than another who lumps his changing surroundings as "scenery." Tribesmen of primitive races conceal their real names in the belief that by learning the true name of a man one gains a certain power over him. Transferring this notion from the domain of black magic to that of white magic, there is a degree of truth in it; for I do know that the walker who can name and distinguish, for example, hepaticas, bloodroot, anemones, and the varieties of violets will discover and delight in the early spring flowers that are

hidden from companions of far keener sight but less training.

The stars and all the flowers that sleep below them
Are theirs who learn to name them and to know them.

AN old English proverb runs, "Do as I say, don't do as I do," as the parson said when they brought him home in the wheelbarrow." So I gravely counsel you to learn to employ map and compass both in one-day walks and in more extended tours, sorrowfully confessing my own impatient tendency to depend upon instinct, many questions, and the imps of luck, who have treated me far better than I have deserved. Remember, too, that even the best woodsman sometimes "gets turned round" and loses his bearings, but the good woodsman and trailsman keeps his head.

Keep the old trail well in sight
Till you know the new is right.

When Daniel Boone was about eighty-four, a visitor to his remote cabin asked him, "Colonel Boone, were you ever lost?"

"No," said the old pioneer, reflectively; "I can't say as I was ever exactly lost, but I was bewildered once for three days."

I also have been bewildered, but at no other time quite to the same degree as once, when on the top of Katahdin I committed the inexcusable folly of striking off across a broad plateau of broken rock in a thickening mist. Even though I did hit upon a method by which we happened to relocate our path, the incident remains a particularly black blot upon an otherwise not unblemished career.

When mists about the mountain wreathe a veil,
Don't go exploring; keep the well-marked trail.

My small but vigorous traveling companion of the last eighteen years is now so badly spoiled that she demands as a right a tramp of at least three days at the end of each vacation, and as many other expeditions as we can manage; and our feet have known many lovely trails, low and high, East and West, at home and abroad. But I find that my homing instinct is still northward and toward rising ground, and that my dearest recollections are of mountains—Rockies, Ramapos, Alps, Laurentians, Green Mountains, White Mountains, Catskills, and Adirondacks.

Men love the hills because, like men,
they rise
Compact of earth but reaching toward
the skies.

There is a cave on Katahdin, just below



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timber-line, that proved a good refuge. There was an unexpected shelter on Killington, on the Long Trail over the crest of the Green Mountains, which saved us from a night in the open without blankets; and there we found firewood, coffee-pot, and frying-pan, with enough coffee, sugar, butter, and condensed milk thoughtfully left by the last tenants; and these enabled us to enjoy the beans for supper and the bountiful Welsh rarebit for breakfast that the meager contents of our pack afforded. I remember, too, a summit in Canada in a driving snow-storm, where our chattering teeth enabled us to eat our sandwiches with an economy of effort, the frosty top of Long's Peak in Colorado,

and unnumbered forest camps where our fires have glowed. Best of all are memories of many courtesies received on the way; for people are especially well-disposed toward the pedestrian whose amateur standing is sufficiently evident.

With a certain capacity for enjoyment, with the zest and touch of imagination that can make great adventures of little things, the sturdy walker shall never lack delight, whether his way runs through settled country or leafy wilderness.

Enjoy the road: The best is lost to those

Who hurry blindly toward the journey's close.

Party Conventions for the National Capital

By DIXON MERRITT

The Outlook's Staff Correspondent in Washington

Is Mr. Merritt's Plan a Good One?

What do our readers think?
Is this plan practicable politics?
Would it create more abuses than it would remove?
Would it make self-government simpler, more effective, sounder, more honest?

In an editorial we offer some arguments for it that Mr. Merritt does not use, and some objections that he does not meet.

Read Mr. Merritt's article and our editorial and let us know what you think.
THE EDITORS.

IT is proposed that the Democratic National Convention of 1928 be held in Washington.

The proposal was made by Senator Carter Glass, of Virginia, and has the support of a large number of men and women prominent in the party. It has the opposition, however, of other Democrats equally prominent—Democrats who think they perceive greater party expediency in holding the Convention elsewhere.

Expediency, more often than not, has controlled in matters of American politics. One might guess, therefore, that the Democratic National Convention will be held next year in Cleveland, the metropolis of a doubtful State, where partisan advantage, according to the calculations of the politicians, may be gained.

But by the mere proposal Senator Glass has rendered a service to American politics, not merely to Democratic politics. If he wins the Convention for Washington, the benefit may be immediate. If he loses, the benefit will not

be lost, but will be somewhat delayed in coming to fruition.

THE advantage to be gained by the holding of a National party convention in Washington is that the deliberations of the party would be as far as possible removed from local and State influences. It is, in party affairs, identical with the advantage, in Governmental affairs, that we have always had from having the seat of the Federal Government in a Federal District rather than in one of the States. Those influences, often adverse to the best interests both of the party and of the country, have rarely failed to exert themselves in National conventions, and sometimes they have been well-nigh disastrous.

All National conventions of all recognized National parties ought, it seems to me, to be held in Washington. The Federal City ought to be recognized as the home of National party conventions, just as it is recognized as the home of Congress.

Under our system, the party organi-

zations are, in a very essential way, the Government. Whatever Congress is to do, whatever the President and his administrative officers are to do, is in large measure predetermined in the National convention of one or the other of the parties.

The holding of conventions in Washington would be a step toward recognition of party machinery as Governmental machinery. It would enable the parties to maintain, what they always have needed but never have had, a continuing organization apart from State and local organizations. Under the present system of hauling the conventions about the country, like a road show, there is no National party office except during Presidential campaigns. At all other times the headquarters of the party is supposed to be where the chairman of the National Committee resides, and the chairman is a part of some State organization. At this moment the official Republican National organization is by way of being a Massachusetts organization because Chairman Butler lives there. The official Democratic National organization would be, if it were anything, a West Virginia organization because Chairman Shaver lives there. There is not, and has never been, in either party an established office for the transaction of party business in a regular way.

The holding of all National party conventions in Washington might lead to the recognition of party machinery as Governmental machinery to the extent that essential party expenses would be met from Federal funds. That the Government should pay the cost of National campaigns Senator Borah suggested last January as one means of getting rid of unnecessary party expenses and removing undue influence of moneyed interests—both in primaries and in conventions.

Of course, that is exactly what many politicians in both parties do not want. It is one of the reasons why the Democratic National Convention of 1928 may not go to Washington; one of the reasons why, even if Washington is chosen by the Democrats for 1928, it might not be permanently chosen by them as their convention city; one of the reasons why, even if the Democrats should decide to hold all of their National conventions in Washington, the Republicans would be slow to adopt a similar policy.

None the less, Senator Glass's proposal, whether it is accepted or not, will accomplish something toward bringing public recognition of the proper place of party conventions and party machinery in our Governmental affairs.

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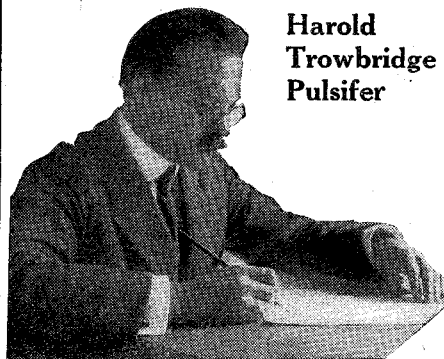
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The Savor of the Sea

The San Francisco "Journal" says: "This little story is one of remarkable beauty and strength."

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The New York "Herald" says: "Mr. Pulsifer has compounded the pathos and humor of this text into a pleasing mixture."

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The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

Fiction

COCKADES. By Meade Minnigerode. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Mr. Minnigerode's romance based upon the mythical career in America of the missing Dauphin, Louis XVII differs widely in tone and tempo from other stories treating the same inviting subject. For one thing, there is much more of America and less of Louis; the first few chapters especially are done in Mr. Minnigerode's best pageant-of-the-times style. For another, neither the shadow of the guillotine thrown from the past nor that of an undesired throne looming in the future is allowed to subdue the story to one of sentimentality, pathos, or tragedy; on the contrary, it is a spirited, swiftly moving, buoyant, colorful tale from first to last. A certain joltiness and jerkiness occasionally mar its progress, due partly to the absence of the hero from the scene for long intervals of time and partly to the extreme intricacy of the plottings and counter-plottings, spyings and counter-spyings, of which he is the center. But the story is a good story and a picturesque one, and we cavil only at the quite unnecessary addition of the culminating improbability introduced in the last chapter. It comes as a startling surprise, it is true, one which few readers will anticipate; but the book would be better without it.

THE ARROW. By Christopher Morley. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.50.

On the sea a young man's fancy lightly swings to thoughts of love, and when, in Mr. Morley's airy and amusing fantasy, the perturbed youth reaches London and leaves his ship, it is still a bit dizzy, and the extraordinary and malicious behavior of the pedestaled Cupid in Piccadilly Circus is not such as to produce a steadying effect. As light as a soap-bubble, this clever and charming little tale does not, like so many literary bubbles blown with shimmering promise, resolve itself before the close into a mere disillusioning spatter of soap-suds. On the contrary, like the soldier material of its origin, "it floats" and is still afloat unspoiled and iridescent at the end.

DAWN: A LOST ROMANCE OF THE TIMES OF CHRIST. By Irving Bacheller. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.50.

Mr. Bacheller's purpose has been, not to write the life of Christ in fiction form, but to carry out faithfully the promise of his subtitle, and thus to give us romance and adventure and also present a colorful and dramatic picture of the times, places, and people. He succeeds admirably in this attempt. Doris, who in the author's device wrote this anciently lost and recently found narrative, was a Greek girl of beauty, charm, and wisdom. Her love for the Jew Apollos (we take it this is he of whom it was said, "Paul may plant and Apollos may water") was deep and moving. That she came to be that woman as to whom Christ said, "He who is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her," does not mean that she was ever an evil-minded woman; the pressure of Roman rule and the danger of a worse fate had forced her to become a mistress first of the centurion who later became the Emperor Vespasian and then of one other man. Her adventures and escapes are genuinely thrilling. Quite naturally she met and knew various persons of the Bible story—Blind Bartimeus, and Mary of Magdala, for instance—and she happened to be present at the enlightenment of Saul of Tarsus, whereby he be-

came Paul the Apostle to the Gentiles. In her old age, in Colossæ, she writes this simple, immensely human record of her life, ending as she hears the coming of the soldiers to lead her to death.

Of stories of Bible times there have been many scores, but only once in a decade or so does one appear that combines reverence, simplicity, and human romance. Such a volume, in our judgment, is "Dawn."

THE DRUMS OF AULONE. By Robert W. Chambers. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$2.

Mr. Chambers possesses a wide and accurate knowledge of French and American history, and in weaving a richly intricate tapestry as a background for the figures of his imagination he displays in "The Drums of Aulone," as elsewhere, a skill not fairly to be ignored. Unfortunately, his romanticism, adventurous and emotional, has few limits; reticence, restraint, moderation, rarely hamper his flamboyant pen. In this particular novel the scene changes picturesquely from France to England, and thence to Quebec under Frontenac, who himself appears, peppery, warm-hearted, and imperious, and much the most delightful person in the book. There is a wholly evil villain, a wholly gallant hero, and the heroine, Mademoiselle Michelle de Maniscamp, from whose maiden lips we receive the story (Mr. Robert Chambers speaking, a trifle falsetto), is, of course, unfailingly devoted, courageous, tender, and girlishly charming. In short, here is an exciting yarn about people of romantically impossible behavior, performing upon a correctly furnished historic stage.

SPLIT SECONDS. Tales of the Cinder Track. By Jackson Scholz. William Morrow & Co., New York. \$2.

By the 1924 Olympic champion, and holder of the world's record for the 200-meter dash; a book written for regular guys. "When you make the statement to some people that track is a romantic sport, why they sort of look at you as though you were a trifle dotty," Mr. Scholz points out. "They believe that the sport consists of nothing but climbing into a track suit, running yourself blue in the face, and then going into the gym for a shower." Mr. Scholz would lead these benighted ones to the light. He would show that the atmosphere of the cinder track is not entirely due to neat's-foot oil, that many a romantic battle of the hurdles has been won by a young knight with a Charley horse. Yes, indeed!

The romance of track is exposed to an astounded public in a series of stories laid in a Mid-Western university, in each of which Mr. Scholz himself has a prominent part, and these stories not only abound with romance and action, but also teach valuable moral lessons: swinging the hips, jockeying for the pole, the use of the thumb in discus throwing, fighting for the dear old school, etc., etc. And if here and there it seems that Mr. Scholz has been unduly influenced by the "Rover Boys," that should be no drawback to most of his readers.

ADAM IN MOONSHINE. By J. B. Priestley. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$2.50.

Events "grow curiouser and curiouser" from the moment when Adam Stewart, starting on a holiday, looks out of a railway carriage into the upturned face of not one, but three beautiful girls. The girls are bidding farewell to a fellow-traveler,

whose bag, on overturning, proves to be full of false whiskers. These false whiskers of conspiracy do not actually figure in the story after spilling out upon the floor of the car, but around their existence hangs a tale of mystery, moonshine, and merri-ment.

By a coincidence growing out of his name, Adam is drawn into a conspiratorial house party, of which the girls are also members, at Runner Hall. Here everything's either at sixes or at sevens most of the time. Fantastic plots thicken and love finds more than one way. "Adam in Moonshine" is the frothiest kind of reading; the froth of a gay humor, shot with beauty. Adam's adventures will revive the old hopes, dormant in the breast of every traveler, that something similar will happen to him.

THE EMPRESS MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN. By Octave Aubrey. Translated from the French by H. G. Dwight. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$2.50.

The possibilities for historical romance in the life of Napoleon are limitless, and M. Aubrey has made the most of them. How close the beautiful Countess Marie Valev-ska came to being Empress of the French is a fascinating story. If he occasionally strains over a historical gnat and sometimes swallows whole camels, history's loss is romance's gain. A translator's note explains intentional misspelling of the Countess's name.

Marie Valevska was swept from a secluded life with her elderly husband into the seething center of the French Court on the wave of Napoleon's passion for her and his promised favor to her country. The wave departed in a few happy ripples, while Marie Valevska lived in the Rue du Houssaye on her lover's left hand. The young Polish girl was too fine to survive in the hotbed of Court intrigue. She was caught in the vicious undertow of political machinations. The pitiful spectacle of Josephine de Beauharnais going down to divorce is less tragic than the fate of this gentle girl whose honor was indeed curiously rooted in dishonor.

Events proved that of all the women who played for Napoleon's favor, Marie Valevska alone loved the man of many maps disinterestedly. Their short love life was idyllic, and the author has drawn an endearing Napoleon deeply in love, beset by a carping Josephine and greedy courtiers. Paradoxically, it was the sinister Fouché, Minister of Police, the first to befriend Marie Valevska in Paris, who finally turned his coat and legislated against her. She retired to Poland, where her baby was born, while Napoleon was married in splendor to Marie Louise, Archduchess of Austria.

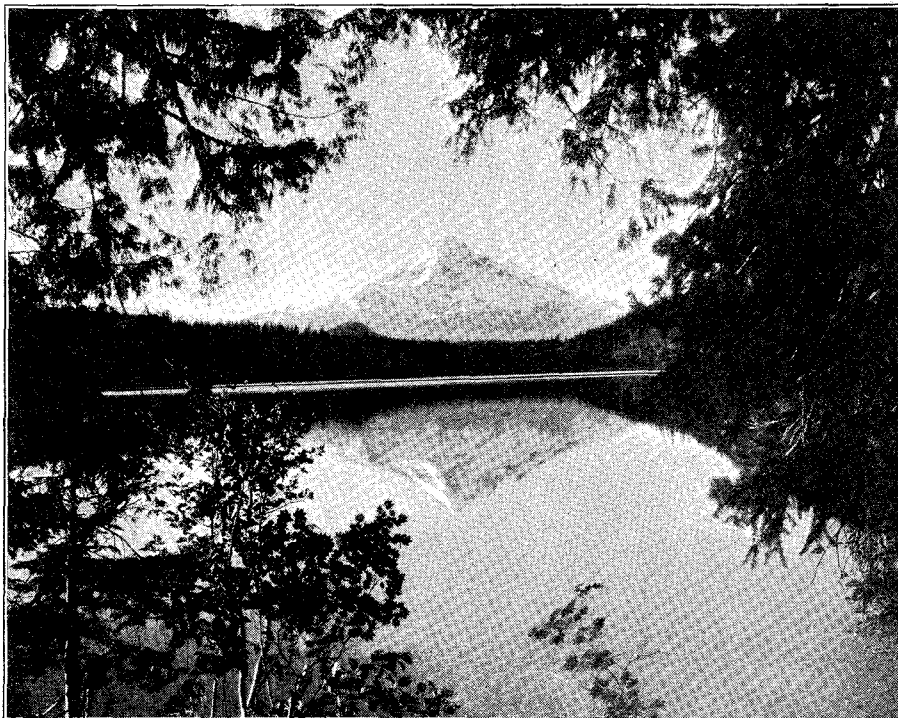
THE STRONGER GOD. By Eric Waring. Brentano's, New York. \$2.

Galloping horses, flashing steel, love and battle, and a marvelous young Austrian baroness who successfully masquerades for ten years in her brother's place as a lieutenant in a Uhlan regiment; until, indeed, on the last page she is ready to throw over Mars and Bellona and surrender to the strongest god, who is, of course, Cupid. The wildest of wild romance.

FOREVER FREE: A NOVEL OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN. By Honoré Willse Morrow. William Morrow & Co., New York. \$2.50.

Lincoln novels have usually kept the great man discreetly in the background. Here he has the chief acting and speaking part. Mrs. Morrow has made an earnest attempt to show the whole man as he really was, and her daring is justified. At least, whether this is "the real Lincoln" or not, it is a man, and not an effigy. The story-teller has taken special pains to make us see him in his family life, and especially as the husband of Mary Lincoln, who becomes a far more engaging figure in

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this picture than she has been in the accepted legend.

STORE OF LADIES. By Louis Golding. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. \$2.50.

A puglist is the hero of the extremely modern "Store of Ladies." His code is anything but rigid, and as for the ladies who beset and besiege and bedevil him generally, their conduct, that of his much-tried Emma alone excepted, is of the variety which used to be dismissed with a meaningful "the less said the better." Mr. Golding's distasteful cleverness does not carry conviction that "the more said the better" is an improvement.

PHILOPENA. By Henry Kitchell Webster. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$2.

This tale, serially published under the title "Masquerade," is an ingenious yarn about twin sisters who change places so successfully as to deceive the husband of the married one.

THE SILVER CORD. By George Agnew Chamberlain. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

A mystery yarn built on the physical rebirth of a deformed fugitive from the law and his return to the scene of his alleged crime, where, unrecognized and under a new name, he succeeds in disproving the charge and rewinning the maiden of his heart. A fairly good product of mechanical romance, no more.

THE LINGERING FAUN. By Mabel Wood Martin. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. \$2.

An uncommonly well written and imaginative tale of Paris at the time of the Peace Conference. The heroine, or principal woman, is a beautiful American, wife of an exiled and impoverished Russian prince. The chief male figure is an envoy from the Near East, a magnificent personage, supposed to be Arab or Turk, but really a nameless son of Russia or Poland.

AURELIUS SMITH—DETECTIVE. By R. T. M. Scott. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$2.

Aurelius Smith is a most admirable detective—a fast worker, clever, resourceful, sure, with that real distinction of personality that a story-book sleuth should, but so seldom does, have. In "Secret Service Smith" we have enjoyed Mr. Smith's reassuring company through the world of crime before, but never more delightedly than as R. T. M. Scott has reintroduced him here. The flood of detective stories makes it all the clearer that to write one of them with real power is not the easiest task, but from "When Thieves Follow" to "Kicking a Giraffe on the Nose" the adventures in the present volume spread a fascinating, altogether satisfactory trail for the reader. Congratulations to him on the pleasure ahead, and to the able author for his skill.

UNQUENCHABLE FIRE. By Joan Sutherland. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$2.

Neither psychological subtlety nor distinction of style mark Joan Sutherland's treatment of a theme inevitably recalling Edith Wharton's once hotly discussed novel "The Fruit of the Tree." But we do not think "The Fruit of the Tree" ever grew and flourished on the movie screen, and that is where we feel pretty sure that "Unquenchable Fire" will in due time blaze and be blazoned. It has a perfect movie title to begin with, and the author's curious oversight in providing three interesting sisters and marrying off only one of them could be easily set right. The self-sacrificing Robert might console himself with Sally by hastening her growing up a trifle, and Doris could be handed over to Wolfgang with capital opportunities for introducing a comedy courtship.

Travel

AMONG THE DANES. By Edgar Wallace Knight, Professor of Education, University of North Carolina. The University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill, N. C. \$2.

Professor Knight writes sketchily, as became a series of newspaper articles now

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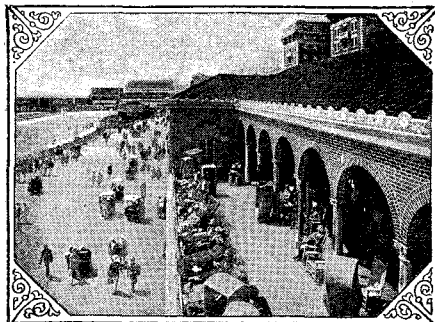
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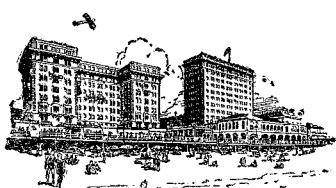
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welded into a book, of the interesting peninsula that helps form the Skagerrack. He gives glimpses of education and economics that might well merit elaborate treatment from his capable pen. Surely the manner in which thin soil and chilly climate have been compelled to produce the richest farming country in the world is worthy of being told to our own wastrels, who fail to get on under much more favorable conditions. In Denmark the farmer is on top, thanks to education and co-operation. He lives in comfort and his pockets are full, even if his cattle have to be stalled nearly three-fourths of the year. Life is agreeable, and Professor Knight found no melancholy Danes. Certainly, Denmark has solved the most difficult of all problems—that of procuring prosperity from the land. The University of North Carolina has done much in publishing this book. It will do more by sending Professor Knight back to write a comprehensive study.

IN BORNEO JUNGLES: AMONG THE DYAK HEAD-HUNTERS. By William O. Krohn. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$5.

The author, an overworked psychopathic physician, took his trip to Borneo as a rest cure and returned refreshed and full of enthusiasms for the world's third largest island, if we do not consider Australia a continent. Incidentally, he collected for the Field Museum of Chicago. The book is cheery and interesting, without notable adventures or striking incidents. His most important discovery was that there are no bald-headed Dyaks.

MALLORCA THE MAGNIFICENT. By Nina Larrey Duryea. The Century Company, New York. \$3.

The virtues claimed for this largest of the Balearic Islands by Mrs. Duryea are of such a high order as to class it among the Islands of the Blessed. "A benign plenty pervades all conditions of life. The sun gives heat; the kindly earth and sea provide food bounteously; beauty is a common heritage." Among Mallorcans, honesty is a paramount quality. Small lies, sharp shifts in dealings, haggling, and wrong change are unheard of. The quaint notice posted in Palma trams might well be copied in our own: "Code No. 9. It is forbidden to say or do anything whatever which is contrary to good manners, morality, or the comfort of others."

Mallorca (sometimes known as Majorca) bears the imprint of many civilizations. In the thirteenth century it was to Moorish Spain what Pompeii and Sicily were to Rome, a place of ease and delight, luxury and refined pleasures. Reminders of those days are still on every side. The author devotes a chapter to "The Palaces of Palma," describing with an eye for color interiors of palaces that would thrill the heart of a decorator or an antiquary. The Cathedral of Palma; the caves of Artá, on the eastern coast of Mallorca, where sixteen hundred Moors sought to escape from King Jaime I; the monastery of Lluch, perched on a mountain peak, where Doré drew his landscapes for his illustrations in Dante's "Purgatory," are landmarks of a glorious past. The book describes the picturesque island in its ancient and modern aspects and relates its splendid history. A chapter on "Housekeeping" details the ridiculously low prices of food, drink, and shelter for the visitor to Mallorca.

Finance

AN ADVENTURE IN CONSTRUCTIVE FINANCE. By Carter Glass. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y. \$3.

Secretary Glass amplifies his side of the controversy, roused by Colonel E. M. House's reminiscences, over the paternity of the Federal Reserve Banking System in this volume, which therefore makes an interesting addition to the literature of the

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Woodrow Wilson era. The material has had previous newspaper ventilation. Incidentally, the author makes use of The Outlook's account of a debate before the New York Economic Club while the bill was pending before Congress. Of course, it is not so important now to know who did it as it is to determine the future of the institution, which is fast becoming a problem. That it served a great part in meeting after-war conditions goes without saying. There is more of journalistic narration than digested history in the book.

Biography

THE HARVEST OF YEARS. By Luther Burbank with Wilbur Hale. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$4.

The book reveals a philosopher—an uncynical Montaigne—and an experimenter rather than a scientist. Mr. Burbank and Mr. Edison follow the same line—trying many things until the right one turns up. For example, in developing a superior plum Mr. Burbank tested some 25,000 young trees, out of which came a score described as "a real gift to man." It took eight years of planting to produce a small green pea fit to rival the French variety for canning purposes. Twelve years of experimenting had not yet produced a satisfactory nectarine. In the end the rewards were only those that came from selling nursery stock. It appears, quite wisely, that a plant cannot be patented. Mr. Burbank's joy was, as he records it, that he did not yield to the money-making impulse, and "was so enabled to become a contributor to the happiness, and knowledge, and richness of this earth to all mankind, for all time to come, and at the same time found, without seeking either, that money and power and fame all come to one in measures undreamed of and unsought." A volume of deep tenderness in touch, sunny with human kindness.

THE GENTLEMAN FROM THE 22d. An Autobiography by Benjamin Anfin. Boni & Liveright, New York. \$2.50.

This is the story of a Jewish immigrant boy's progress from poverty in Russia to a place in the Senate of the State of New York—one of the most powerful political bodies in existence. The author pens his tale in staccato notes, and there is no lack of excitement in the things he underwent to become an Americanized citizen and a factor in the affairs of the largest foreign city in the New World. Eagerness impelled him to advance without sparing himself. In spite of rebuffs, he has had a good time and done much for the uplift among his people, with a full measure of personal success, in which his book shows he takes proper pride.

A ROYAL ADVENTURE IN THE FOREIGN LEGION. By H. H. Prince Aage of Denmark. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$2.

So much has been said about the evil past of many soldiers in the French Foreign Legion that it is noteworthy that Prince Aage, who served two years as an officer of the Legion, declares: "I have had under me the roughest kinds of men—and the finest. But never have I come across a true criminal type." The Prince was no ornamental soldier; he was in the fiercest of the Abd-el-Krim battles in Morocco in 1925, was wounded, and was decorated by France for valiant service. He writes simply, modestly, and yet vividly.

SONS OF THE EAGLE: Soaring Figures from America's Past. By George Creel. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$3.50.

Mr. Creel has pinned the proud pinions of the American eagle to the shoulders of twenty-six more or less consequential personages ranging from Ferdinand de Soto to Rutherford B. Hayes. He has also added tail feathers with unrestricted lavishness. His heroes simply have to soar. The reader will be apt to agree with Mr.

Artemus Ward in bidding farewell to a gentleman who was about to soar, "The soarer you get the better we will all like it." General Winfield Scott, "Old Fuss and Feathers," fits into the bird picture, but really it is asking too much to think of Mr. Hayes as a high flier. For those who like three cheers and a tiger whenever a familiar name is mentioned the volume will meet with favor. It is uncritical and exuberant.

Essays

THE OUTLINE OF SANITY. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$2.50.

A series of essays on social conditions in England. Mr. Chesterton considers the state of the nation, and finds it critical. The concentration of the population in city slums, with consequent depopulation of the countryside, he holds calls for drastic action and, like Bolton Hall in this country twenty years ago, he calls for a return to the land. Specifically, he would create a modern type of that bold peasantry whose decay Goldsmith mourned in the eighteenth century. To his own satisfaction he demonstrates that this new-old rural class would preserve its cot and plot of ground as tenaciously as the French peasantry, deaf to the blandishments of land-greedy rich men and speculators. Another aim is to encourage the small merchant, who is being squeezed out of business by Mr. Woolworth and Mr. Selfridge. One method advocated is the boycotting of the big stores. He urges the breaking up of monopolies and trusts as well as concentrated capital. The sentiment of property is the bulwark against Bolshevism—the more property-owners, the fewer Communists. His ideas are too well bolstered by working examples to be regarded as utterly impractical, but it puts a strain on the imagination to think of England reverting to an agricultural state after a century and a half of industrialism.

Nature

PHEASANT JUNGLES. By William Beebe, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$3.

Never let it be said that William Beebe has a distinguished style, that he is a master of prose, a Pater of the Partridges, or anything like that; for he might come to believe it, and give up exploring and take to writing essays. Such things have happened. Let us grudgingly admit, therefore, that he has a certain facility of expression, and get on with the subject, which concerns two expeditions in 1910 and again in 1918 to Ceylon, Burma, and the Himalayas, to Sarawak and Borneo, to study pheasants, peacock, and jungle-fowl at the places where these birds originated. All this has been written, and very well written in "A Monograph of the Pheasants," four great brown folios, beautifully and elaborately illustrated, that cost a trifle less than a baby grand piano, but are worth more to an ornithologist. For the benefit of those with narrower purse-strings, or who care less about tail-feather variations among sixteen sub-species of Impeyan, a part of all that has been condensed, rewritten, and is here laid before you. There is not very much about pheasants, but a great deal of Mr. Beebe's experiences while looking for them, hail-storms, head-hunters, singing tortoises, dancers, and devil men. It is a book that is hard to put aside.

But it is not always a pleasant book. Mr. Beebe's method is to go to a likely spot in the jungle, and to sit there. To sit perfectly motionless for an hour, or two hours, while flies buzz around him, and mosquitoes sting him, slugs creep over him, and ants and various rarer parasites bite him. And, apart from these, the jungle pays no attention to him. Life goes on as though no human were within miles,

and Mr. Beebe records it with remarkable fidelity, so faithfully that the reader cannot miss the cruelty and the fear that binds all nature in its waking moments. Even the human beings, the natives, cannot escape it. Day and night, always there is the fear of death, and it carves itself in their faces. Tender-hearted people should take their nature from the poets; the scientists make it rather sickening sometimes. They have also been known to make it exceedingly dull. Here is one who never does. "Pheasant Jungles" is a very good book.

History

A HISTORY OF THE PHARAOHS. Vol. II. From the Accession of Amenemhet I, of the Twelfth Dynasty, to the Death of Thutmose III, of the Eighteenth Dynasty, 2111 to 1441 B.C. By Arthur Weigall. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$6.

Late inspector of Egyptian antiquities, Mr. Weigall is an authority on the subject concerning which he writes with minute exactness. It is interesting to find "God's country" written in the hieroglyphics, and used in the grateful modern sense of those who have come home from foreign parts. Students will find the volume valuable and the ordinary reader will learn from it much that is worth knowing.

VICTOR EMMANUEL II AND THE UNION OF ITALY. By C. S. Forester. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$4.

Not a great book; but admirable, lucid, well-written, and interesting. On the whole, the interpretations as to motives, causes, events, and results are just; the writer's very high estimation of the abilities and character of the first King of Italy (the Sardinian title is misleading) cannot be gainsaid. The several contributions of Cavour, Garibaldi, and Mazzini toward the unification of Italy are fairly presented in proper subordination to that of the great Savoyard. Enough detail is given to furnish out a background substantially helpful toward an understanding of Fascismo.

Poetry

JUST FROM GEORGIA. Poems by Frank L. Stanton. Edited by his Daughter, Mercelle Stanton Megahee. The Byrd Publishing Company, Atlanta, Ga.

Poignant with pathos are these lines, never before published in book form. Mr. Stanton was deservedly one of our most popular versifiers. His daughter has performed both a labor of love and a literary service in editing these poems of deep feeling and heart appeal.

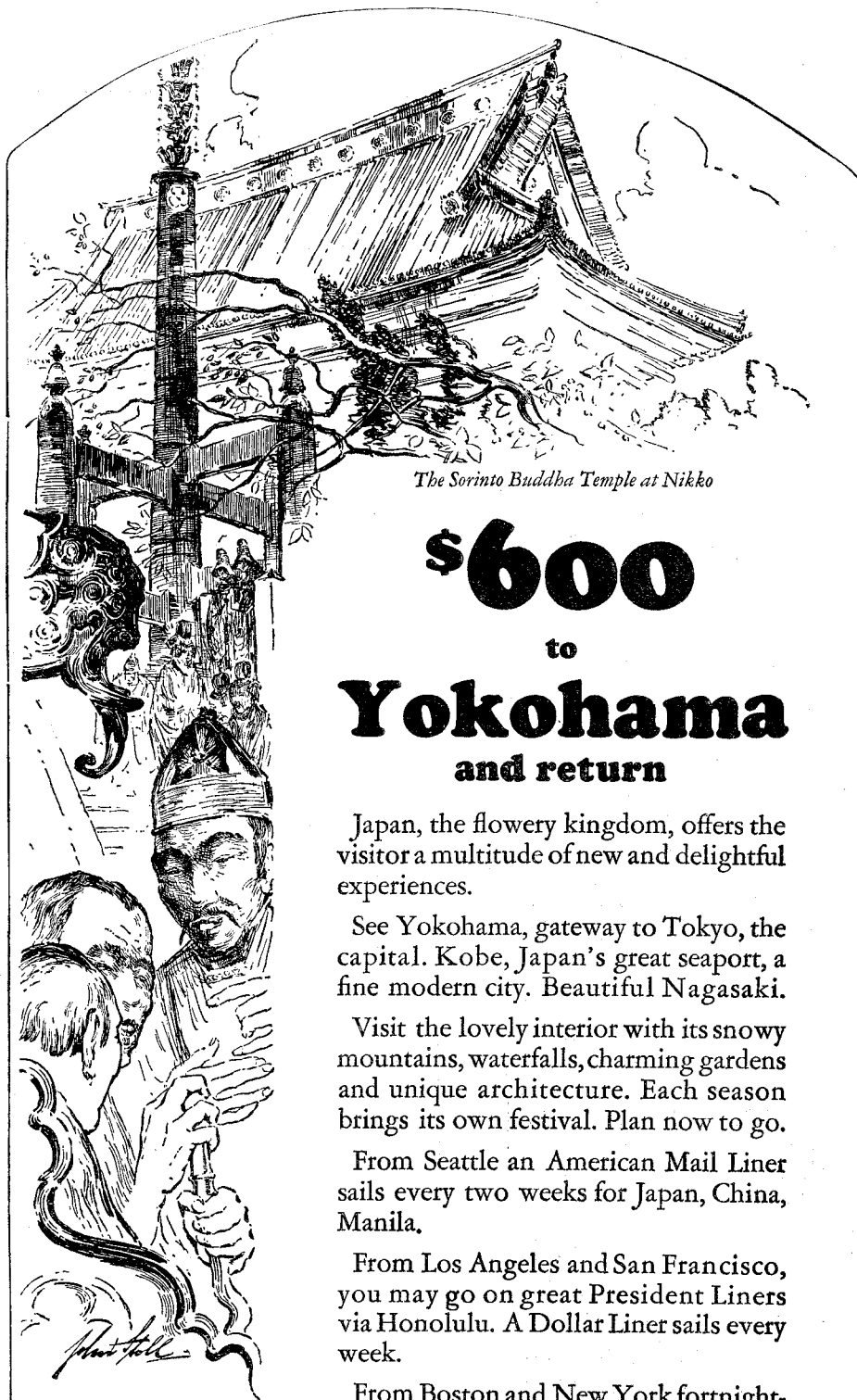
Science

THE ROMANCE OF THE ATOM. By Benjamin Harrow. Boni & Liveright, New York. \$1.50.

Hunting the atom in its lair is the most exciting of scientific sports. This book is a colloquial account of some of the keenest hunters, with light on their discoveries. The atom has been well located, but is yet too illusive to be effectively caged. When it is, all super-power will be in the hands of man. Mr. Harrow does not reveal as much romance as his title calls for, but he tells interesting things about men of science and what they have accomplished or are striving for.

THE ANT PEOPLE. By Dr. Hans Heinz Ewers. Translated by Clifton Harby Levy. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$3.

Dr. Ewers has provided in this volume a work of marvelously minute observation among the most interesting of all insect tribes. There is nothing casual about the book. We get the detailed story of ant life in each of its phases, told without pedantry and unburdened with scientific terms. Community co-operation, industry, social organization, and government are all portrayed with fascinating detail. Even the soul of the ant is analyzed and its mental processes are made clear. Readable and remarkable!



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The Early History of Culion

I WAS deeply interested in the wonderful work at the island of Culion, as shown in your issue of April 13. A few words as to the early history of the colony at Culion may interest your readers.

My very distinguished pupil years ago, Dr. Victor G. Heiser, was for ten years the Director of Health in the Philippine Islands. He established the town of Culion and by persuasion was able to segregate practically all the lepers in the Philippines. He built them houses and a recreation center where they could have addresses or plays and other entertainments. The town was managed, cleaned, policed, and legislated for by the lepers themselves within the limits that the Governor-General could allow. They even had their own currency of aluminum, of which Dr. Heiser sent me a complete set, which is now in the Museum of the College of Physicians in Philadelphia.

Dr. Heiser was able to modify chaulmoo-gra oil, which became so nauseating after continued use that no one could complete the cure. He devised a method by which it could be used hypodermically, which was still further improved upon, especially in the leper colony in the Hawaiian Islands. It has found its maximum benefit at Culion, perfectly remarkable and cheering news for a despairing class of men and women.

W. W. KEEN.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

[At ninety years of age, Dr. W. W. Keen lives for the most part in the future. For him, as for every one with the spirit of youth, life leads on, and for him leads on without end. It is only occasionally, therefore, that he dips into the past, as he does in this letter, and then only to get fuel to light the fires of the present. What General Leonard Wood, Governor-General of the Philippines, calls "the one remaining black terror of the race" will, as he says, "yield to science if research can be adequately prosecuted." General James G. Harbord (now President of the Radio Corporation of America, formerly in command of the Philippine constabulary), Chairman, Honorable Charles E. Hughes, General Samuel McRoberts, Robert W. De Forest, Honorable Robert L. Bacon, Colonel Carmi A. Thompson, Professor John H. Finley, Kermit Roosevelt, Arthur Page, Owen D. Young, Perry Burgess, and Henry L. Stimson, former Secretary of War, and last summer a visitor to the Philippines, constitute a committee for the raising of needed funds for carrying on such research. Mr. Stimson, in asking for support of this work, has explained that, though the Philippine Government is spending one-third of its total health appropriation for this leper colony, it is able to provide only enough for the "meagerest subsistence," and that two million dollars is needed for better housing, laboratories, and research. Checks should be made payable to Samuel McRoberts, Treasurer, in care of Henry L. Stimson, 32 Liberty Street, New York City. "There are," writes Mr. Stimson, "twelve million lepers in the world. America has the opportunity of saying, as did one two thousand years ago, 'I will; be thou made clean.'"

THE EDITORS.]

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Financial Department

Conducted by
WILLIAM LEAVITT STODDARD

The Elusive Dollar

I DO not refer to the dollar which we daily chase, nor to the dollar which we hope to make by a wise or lucky investment. I refer to the dollar which is fixed by law at a certain number of grains of gold, and which in turn fixes the price of gold. This dollar—in common with all units of currency the world over—is properly called elusive because its purchasing power does not stay put. For example:

In 1860 the purchasing power of the dollar was about the same as it was in 1913. The statisticians now call this, somewhat arbitrarily, normal—i. e., worth one hundred cents. Tables have been worked out to show how much above and below that normal the dollar has risen or fallen in other years. By 1865, measured in terms of 1860, the dollar was worth only 40 cents. Slowly and gradually it appreciated till 1896, when it was worth 150 pre-war cents. In the period—1896–1913—the dollar declined to normal. After 1913 the decline continued till May, 1920, when the Civil War low level of 40 cents was again reached. Since 1920 the dollar has risen till to-day (Irving Fisher's index number) it is about 70 per cent of its 1913 value.

If we think back as far as we can over the period from 1860 to date, we can recall hearing that there were high prices during the war. We can probably also recall that living was not very dear till shortly before the war with Spain, but that from then on—all within the memory of men and women not so very old, who grew up in this period—"the high cost of living" was an enormously acute problem. Everybody talked about it, wondered what to do about it, suffered from it. When the Great War came, the dollar fell still further till the grand climax in the spring of 1920. Prices were intolerable.

Looking back over this long period again, we note an interesting fact—namely, that during the years 1896 to 1913, when commission after commission was investigating the high cost of living, the dollar was actually above par. The trouble is that people had been used to a dollar well above par, had adjusted themselves to it, and could not understand why things cost so much more. Of course, the fact was that blame could not be placed definitely

either on the dollar or on commodity prices. It was the elusive and fluctuating relationship between the two which baffled people.

Doubtless many of the readers of this department are more or less familiar with the "stable money" movement and have read books and articles on the attempts which are now being made to render the dollar a stable unit of exchange, meaning thereby stable in relation to other commodities. What I want to do in these paragraphs is to show how the dollar's elusiveness affects each one of us in our daily life, and how a knowl-

edge of the facts will help us in our problems.

The story is told, for example, of a banker who had never realized what was the matter with his bank. He read about the unstable dollar and, being a man of action, began to do some figuring. When he was through, he said: "I have been bragging that my bank's deposits had doubled since the war began. But now I find, when I translate my present deposits into pre-war dollars, that there have been practically no real increase at all."

Let us carry this a little further. There

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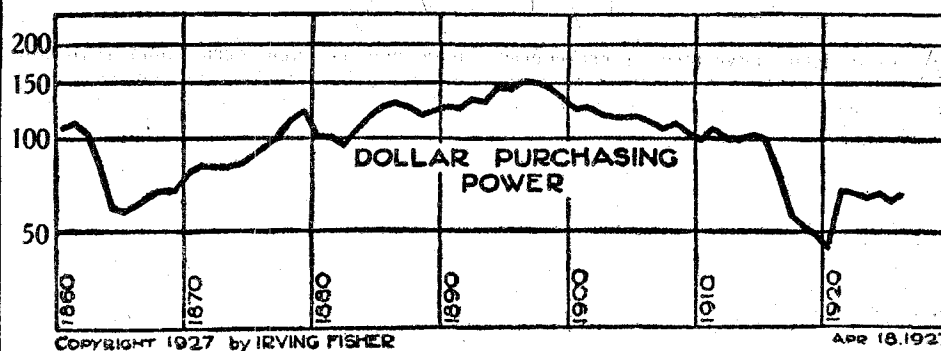
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DOLLAR FLUCTUATIONS



was a time, not so very long ago, when a bank job was a gilt-edged job. To-day complaint is fairly general that bank positions do not pay well. What is the reason? Are the banks niggardly toward their employees? or is it some economic pressure which holds them down?

In 1913 a certain bank paid a young officer a salary of \$4,000. He was very well satisfied with it and could live well on it. To-day this officer's salary is \$6,000—a fifty per cent increase over what it was before the war. Yet he is having difficulty in maintaining his standard of living, let alone getting ahead in life. Taking the value of the dollar to-day as around 70 cents, as against 100 cents in 1913, we can see that the \$6,000 salary is worth, in terms of 1913 dollars, only \$4,200. In other words, his *real* increase in salary is \$200, instead of \$2,000. But the bank has had to earn 2,000 more dollars to pay its officer, and, since interest rates have been increased to compensate for the fluctuating dollar, the bank has had to increase its deposits by several thousand dollars to earn enough to pay the addition to the salary of its other employees.

Professor Irving Fisher, perhaps the best-known student in this country, if not in the world, of fluctuating standards of value, is calling attention to a decision of the United States Supreme Court which has a distinct bearing on this problem. In Professor Fisher's words:

"The recent decision of the United States Supreme Court in the case of McCordle vs. Indianapolis Water Com-

pany has established a new ruling. 'In determining the present value of the property of a public utility for rate-making purposes,' the decision declares, 'consideration must be given to prices and wages prevailing at the time of investigation.' Further: 'The Court takes judicial notice of the fact that there has been no substantial general decline in the price of labor and materials since the high level of 1922 and 1923.' Moreover: 'In fixing a rate for a public utility, a level of prices higher than the average prevailing in the ten-year period ending with 1923 should be taken as the measure of the value of the structural elements on and following a rate order made effective at that date.'

"That is, fluctuating price levels, which reflect the changed purchasing power of the dollar, are to be considered in fixing the present value of a railroad property, as compared with its cost in dollars when built. The Supreme Court even holds that: 'There must be an honest and intelligent forecast as to probable price and wage levels during a reasonable period in the immediate future. In every confiscation case, the future as well as the present must be regarded.'"

In the interest of educating people on the unstable dollar with a view to bringing about some practical solution, the Stable Money Association has been established at 104 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Their literature is, we understand, available for general distribution, and it may be that some of our readers would like to dig into this subject more deeply than we have been able to do in this article. W. L. S.

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The Outlook's Financial Service Department is at the disposal of all Outlook readers at the nominal charge of \$1 per inquiry. It is a fact-finding and reporting information service which aims to help the investor, small or large, solve his own problems. We are serving hundreds. May we serve you?

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THE OUTLOOK, 120 East 16th Street, New York City

By the Way

A DRUG-STORE advocates preparedness with this sign above its soda fountain: "Take home a brick. You may have company."

Traffic cop: "Hey, you! Is that your car?"

"Well, officer, since you ask me, considering the fact that I still have fifty payments to make, owe three repair bills, and haven't settled for the new tire, I really don't think it is."

Does not the following plight of Mr. Pawkett, related in the Kansas City "Star," arouse your sympathy? Have you not felt on the verge of it yourself?

"Traffic was blocked momentarily at Tenth and Walnut Streets to-day when Wallace Pawkett went to sleep in his Ford car near that intersection while waiting for a traffic signal."

Oliver Herford contributes to "Life:"

A TELEPHONE GIRL'S PRAYER

O Lord, for all I done to-day
To cause annoyance and delay,
To make a person rant and rave,
For all wrong numbers I have gave,
And gave and gave when I'd be cryin'
For five-three-seven, thrree-seven-niyun,
For all the needless irritation,
When I cut off conversation,
The cusses—calls for information
Because of me—the slaps and slams—
The smashed receivers, darns and damns
I've caused this day—O Lord for these,
And all my sins—excuse it please.

"Some five-grain quinine capsules, please."

"Sorry, miss, but this is a drug-store. Can't I interest you in an electric heater, an alarm clock, some nice leather goods, a part for your radio, or a toasted-cheese sandwich?"

A radio recipe de luxe from the Boston "Post:"

A reader from Portland, Maine, asks us to share this gem with you:

"A bride asked her husband to tune in and copy off a radio recipe she wanted.

"He did his best, but got two stations at once, one broadcasting the morning exercises and the other the recipe.

"This is what he took down:

"Hands on hips, place one cup of flour on the shoulders, raise knees and depress toes and mix thoroughly in one-half cup milk. Repeat six times. Inhale quickly one-half teaspoon baking powder, lower the legs and mash two hard-boiled eggs. Exhale, breathe naturally and sift into a bowl.

"Attention! Lie flat on the floor and roll the white of an egg backward and forward until it comes to a boil. In ten minutes remove from the fire and rub smartly with a rough towel.

"Breathe naturally, dress in warm flannel and serve with fish soup."

Interesting facts as to Bolshevism in America from Will Irwin's new book "How Red Is America?"

"Compared with the enormous total population of this country the communists are a most insignificantly small faction. When they split off from the Socialist Party in 1919 they numbered at least 50,000 committed zealots. In 1925, the Chicago headquarters reported 20,000 members, of the Workers' Party; and in 1926 it listed 16,000.

"The I. W. W. has now probably about 16,000 members. This organization is dying; it has no fringe left. To that, we

may add perhaps 3,000 simon-pure anarchists. Finally there are no more than 75,000 communists, party members and fringe alike. Very well, 16,000 plus 3,000 plus 75,000 equals 94,000. To be liberal, and to make calculation easier, let us throw in a thousand and say that the adults of the deep red revolution element in the United States may number 95,000. There are 57,000,000 or 58,000,000 adults among our 117,000,000 souls. The revolution-radicals, therefore, amount at the most liberal calculation to one-sixth of one per cent of our population.

"Never since the great Eastern and Southern European influx began in the last years of the last century did American radicalism stand at so low an ebb as in the winter of 1926-27. I repeat: the 'revolutionary reds,' according to the best estimates I can find, number at most liberal estimate only one-sixth of one per cent of our population; and the whole strictly radical elements, revolutionary and evolutionary together, certainly not more than one per cent. This may comfort those nervous citizens who still have nightmares of shooting behind the barricades. It will perhaps give less consolation to certain propagandists whose business it is to advance special interests by playing on the fear of a social revolution."

From the "Westminster Gazette:"

"I 'ear the men 'ave gone on a strike."

"Wat 'ave they struck for?"

"Shorter hours."

"I always said as 'ow sixty minutes was too long for an hour."

Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, criticises the passage by Congress of 72,000 laws in six years, and quotes Thomas Jefferson as saying: "Man does not enact wise laws; he discovers them." Dr. Butler says further: "The perfect law, in the eye of the law-maker, was the one proposed in the Kansas Legislature decreeing that 'where two trains approach a crossing at a grade, both shall stop and neither proceed until the other has passed.'"

"One way to get a reputation," according to the Washington "Star," "is to use big words and make a simple matter hard to understand."

Another sign over the door of a business house: "We are open for business and mean business."

From the Charleston "News and Courier:"

Louisa, the colored kitchen maid, was from the country, but she was energetic and learned fast. Part of her duties was to water the fern and change the water in the goldfish bowl. Her mistress asked her on the second day: "Did you remember to empty the water under the refrigerator?" "Yes, ma'am, I emptied it and put in fresh water."

Five words of five letters each are needed to complete the following anagram. Each word contains the same letters. Answer next week.

The goddess on her head a — wears.

In folds and — her shining garment flares.

To quiet — the way she finds.

Above a moving — she onward fares.

The — of destiny she winds.

The answer to last week's problem in mental arithmetic is: (1) 27; (2) 6; (3) 12; (4) 8; (5) 1.

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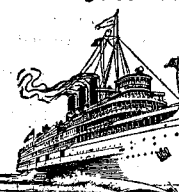
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†CLEVELAND and DETROIT.....	\$3.50	\$ 6.00
†BUFFALO and DETROIT.....	\$6.00	\$11.00
*Berth and meals included. †Berth and meals extra. No surcharge.		

On the Mackinac Island and Chicago Division there is music, dancing, with hostess in charge, bridge, afternoon tea, golf, horseshoe pitching, radio, moving pictures, and other entertainments. Passengers limited to sleeping accommodations. Radio and moving pictures also on Buffalo Division. Yachting, golf, horseback riding, fishing, etc., at Mackinac Island. Liberal stopover privileges.

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For other Classified Advertisements see the next page

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FOR RENT Truro, Mass., furnished cottage, on sand-dune near the ocean. Living-room with fireplace, five bedrooms, kitchen with pump. No improvements. \$300 for season. 8,219, Outlook.

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SIX or eight guests accommodated in comfortable private home in Litchfield Hills, Conn. Unsurpassed scenery, lake bathing, beautiful walks and drives. References required and given. Address 8,137, Outlook.

Southold, L. I. Attractive old home—stead, all modern improvements, on farm near Peconic Bay, will accept six guests. Special rates for long season. Miss L. M. HOWELL.

Walpole, N. H. Private house, lovely location, all conveniences. 10 summer guests accepted. Seasonal fruits and vegetables, fresh eggs and milk. Mrs. Emma F. Bartlett.

Board—Rooms

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TEACHERS, experienced, many attractive vacancies for September. Associated Teachers Agency, 522 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City.

HELP WANTED

EXPERIENCED teacher for primary grades in small private school, Waterbury, Conn. Please give full information and references. 7,896, Outlook.

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HOUSEMOTHER boys' school. Prefer widow with son school age. 7,789, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

CAPABLE, refined American lady, companion-nurse, managing housekeeper. 7,818, Outlook.

COLLEGE girl wants summer position as companion, governess, or tutor. Seashore or country. Athletic. 7,801, Outlook.

COLLEGE graduate, athlete, honor man, wants tutor-companion position. Summer or August. References. 7,811, Outlook.

COLLEGE graduate desires summer position as companion or tutor. Will travel. 7,800, Outlook.

COMPANION—nurse. Refined, educated middle-aged lady, widely traveled, experienced. Reference. Philadelphia, Pa. Address 7,805, Outlook.

COMPANION (tutor or companion), chauffeur by college woman from early June until September. Experienced high school mathematics teacher. Can play tennis and swim. Best of references. 7,834, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

COMPANION—woman free to go anywhere with various accomplishments would like permanent position, or for summer. Capable making home cheerful. Experienced in many kinds of handicraft; musical, and licensed driver. 7,823, Outlook.

COMPETENT young teacher, desires position for summer. Typewrites. Will travel. 7,821, Outlook.

CULTURED Canadian, having lived much abroad, desires position as traveling companion. Capable of looking after every detail or chaperoning a young daughter. References exchanged. 7,820, Outlook.

DISCRIMINATING woman, seeking (for summer traveling or vacation) youthful, cultured companion, will be interested in exchanging references with 7,817, Outlook.

GOVERNESS, French-Swiss, highly educated, experienced, wishes post for summer or permanent. Excellent references. 7,819, Outlook.

LADY desires position as companion. Will travel. Small compensation. References exchanged. 7,827, Outlook.

LADY desires position, housekeeper or housemother, college or school. Has had experience in well-known woman's college. 7,826, Outlook.

MIDDLE-aged woman would like place at seashore, mountains, or lake with small family of adults for plain cooking and general housework. Willing to take responsibility. 7,790, Outlook.

MONTCLAIR Academy senior, graduating June, desires summer position. Expert, careful chauffeur. Would also tutor. 7,802, Outlook.

NEW England woman as supervising housekeeper. Long experience, willing to make herself useful. Disengaged June 1. References from present position. 7,803, Outlook.

REFINED woman, college graduate—Sorbome, Columbia—English, French, German speaking, teacher of sewing, dressmaking, decorating, wishes summer position in fine family, country, or part-time work. Excellent references. 7,804, Outlook.

SOUTHERN woman, with experience, desires position of housemother in young women's boarding school for next school year. 7,754, Outlook.

TUTOR—companion, young graduate student (36) with three years' teaching and tutoring experience, desires summer position. Go anywhere. History, German, and English specialties. Excellent references. Harvard A.M. 7,815, Outlook.

WANTED—position as tutor or companion during summer vacation period by college student. Can furnish excellent references from college president and dean. 7,822, Outlook.

YALE graduate, '95, now studying post-graduate work at the university, desires work at tutoring or as tutor-companion for the summer. Address 82 York St., New Haven, Conn. Graduate Men's Dormitory.

YOUNG college man desires position as tutor or companion for summer months. Age 21. References from college president and dean. 7,810, Outlook.

YOUNG lady desires laboratory position in hospital or private office. Knowledge of bacteriology, tissue work, chemical microscopy. Use typewriter. 7,816, Outlook.

YOUNG man, teacher, desires position as tutor or traveling companion. Excellent personality. 7,812, Outlook.

YOUNG woman as traveling companion to woman of culture, going abroad this summer for education trip. Some knowledge of French and Spanish; have been abroad twice. Art student, happy disposition, reliable, American, Protestant. References exchanged. Miss Helen E. Beach, 1227 Ashland Ave., Wilmette, Ill.

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MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of \$10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

WANTED—two children, five years up, to entertain in delightful farm homestead for summer, where they will have personal care and supervision of kindergarten teacher seeking added revenue for summer months. References. Correspondence invited. Bricea Wallace, LeRoy, N. Y.

CULTURED, middle-aged widowed mother will give exclusive care for the summer to three children in her home in healthful northern Pennsylvania town. References exchanged. 7,808, Outlook.

NURSERY school director will take into her home this summer a child between the ages of two and five. 7,809, Outlook.

"Twenty Questions" on General Information

Answered in this issue of
The Outlook

Give yourself 5 points for each question correctly answered. One hundred points is a perfect score. You can find the correct solution on the pages cited.

1. What is the capital of Czechoslovakia? (P. 149.)
2. Give within three feet the length of the face of the Sphinx. (P. 154.)
3. In what State are the Black Hills located? (P. 151.)
4. To what nation do the Straits Settlements belong? (P. 156.)
5. Which is the largest of the State parks? (P. 152.)
6. How often does the Pons-Winnecke comet pass the earth? (P. 142.)
7. How much liquor does the Volstead Act permit a physician to prescribe? (P. 140.)
8. Who wrote "The Magic Flute"? (P. 166.)
9. Where was President Coolidge born? (P. 162.)
10. How many States does the Mississippi River drain? (P. 148.)
11. Who is the Foreign Minister of Czechoslovakia? (P. 149.)
12. Who is British Secretary for Foreign Affairs? (P. 144.)
13. What countries are included in the "Little Entente"? (P. 144.)
14. What countries were included in the "Big Entente"? (P. 144.)
15. Who is President of the Missouri Pacific? (P. 147.)
16. What country has annexed Bessarabia? (P. 144.)
17. To what country did Bessarabia formerly belong? (P. 144.)
18. Are bootleggers required to pay an income tax? (P. 140.)
19. Who was Henry Edwards Huntington? (P. 142.)
20. To what important office has James M. Doran been appointed? (P. 144.)

Contributors' Gallery

JOHN MILLIKEN PARKER is one of the Nation's most distinguished citizens. He was Governor of Louisiana for four years and is widely known for his interest in politics and public affairs. He was perhaps the foremost Southern Democrat to break away from his party at the time of the Progressive campaign of 1912. Louisiana is fortunate in having him at present as its Director of Flood Relief.

PPETER NORBECK is a native son of South Dakota. He has been State Senator, Lieutenant Governor, and Governor, and is now serving his home State as United States Senator.

AMHERST College is doubly represented in this issue. Richard Boardman, though himself a Dartmouth graduate, writes of a former Amherst professor of philosophy, and David Morton is at present professor of English in that institution.

CLEMENT SCHWINGES is a statistician and investigator of Latin American commerce, industries, and investments. He has traveled extensively in tropical countries in connection with economic research work and commercial investigations.

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